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CONTENTS.

REVIEWS.

- Boisgelin's Travels in Denmark and
Sweden, 89
Miss Baillie's Plays, vol. 3. . . . 101
Chateaubriand's Beauties of Chris-
tianity, 107
Sequel to the Rejected Addresses, 120

ORIGINAL.

- Biography of Capt. James Lawrence, 122
Notice of Walter Scott's edition of
Dryden, 139

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

- Letters from Athens, 147

- Intrigues of Lady Hamilton at the
Court of Naples, 153
On the author of Gil Blas, . . . 156
Journey to the Glaciers of Lapland, 160
Earthquake at Caraccas, 163
Account of the sect of Yezidis, . 168
Attempt of two young Americans
to rescue La Fayette, 171
Description of a Convict Ship, . . 173
Bibliomaniac Rage, 174
Bon Mot of Fox, ib.

POETRY.

- Ode meditated in, &c. 175
The Wheelbarrow, 176
Epigram, ib.

With an engraving of the late Capt. James Lawrence.

Travels through Denmark and Sweden. To which is prefixed a Journal of a voyage down the Elbe from Dresden to Hamburg, including a compendious historical account of the Hanseatic League. By Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta. With views from drawings taken on the spot by Dr. Charles Parry. 4to. 2 vols.

[From the Monthly Review.]

M. DE BOISGELIN prefaces his narrative by ample acknowledgments to various literary and political characters, to whom he is indebted for information. We have heard it whispered that these declarations are sometimes inserted as much for the sake of giving consequence to a book, as to gratify the persons thanked; and our readers may be disposed to apply this suspicion to the present work, when they find M. de Boisgelin ranking

so conspicuous a person as the late Gustavus III. among the contributors of private anecdotes. Complaints, he says, are sometimes made against the English *literati* for not being sufficiently communicative to foreigners: but, for his part, he has found it much otherwise; and he forthwith inserts a flattering list of persons, with Earl Spencer at their head, from whom he has received the most polite attentions. He occupies the remainder of his introduction with a *catalogue raisonné* of the different publications on the history of Hamburgh and the Hanseatic League; which, though drawn out to the length of twenty pages, is one of the least exceptionable parts of the volume. Next comes the journal of a voyage by M. de Boisgelin and two companions down the Elbe from Dresden. Their expedition was commenced rather suddenly, on the news of the approach of the French against the Russians, in October, 1806, and was conducted with too much haste and anxiety to admit of a deliberate observation of the various scenes through which they passed. Their vessel was a covered boat, containing room for their carriage and baggage, as well as for cooking victuals; with accommodation for the rowers, who were four in number, exclusive of the master. The hire of the vessel to Hamburgh was 40*l.* sterling; a stock of provisions was sent on board by the travellers; and, to avoid the inconvenience of bad inns, they took beds with them, and regularly passed the night in the boat. Impatient as they were to get out of the reach of the French, they were much mortified on being exposed to almost innumerable detentions at the tolls. The houses at which payment must be made are often at a distance from the water-side; and the sovereigns of the different districts traversed by the river insist on the discharge of the tolls in their own respective coins. The best plan by far is to bargain with the boat-owner to take on himself, for a specific sum, the payment of these troublesome dues. At each halting-place, the travellers eagerly inquired the news from the armies, but could learn nothing with certainty except the death of Prince Louis of Prussia. So difficult is it to acquire intelligence by rumour, even of neighbouring events, that four days elapsed after the fatal battle of Jena, before the inhabitants of the banks of the Elbe were apprized of the result.

“ On arriving at Magdeburgh, what a melancholy spectacle presented itself to view! The whole country was covered by a line of wagons, which extended beyond our sight, and were filled with the sick and wounded, and their baggage. The ramparts were lined with soldiers, as if besieged by the enemy. The dry ditches were full of carriage-horses and their drivers, both worn out by fatigue and fasting, the greater part having neither eaten nor drank for more than twenty-four hours. The cannon, and the ammunition and other wagons came

on so fast, that the town, large as it is, was presently entirely filled. In vain it was represented at the gates, that it was impossible to admit more; that the squares, courts, and streets, were already crowded with carriages; still those who arrived continued rushing in, till at last they were forced to open a passage into the large enclosure of the advanced fortifications. This some of our party witnessed; and words cannot do justice to the distress of the inhabitants, who appeared terror-struck. Those from the suburbs hastened to bring their most valuable effects into the city; and on my inquiring at the custom-house for the principal clerk, they pointed out a boat in which he also was going to the town with his beds and families."

"Soon afterwards, a hussar arrived full gallop, and stopping, whispered the officer who commanded the nearest post to the bridge; he then immediately rode into Magdeburgh. This officer was in the artillery, and never quitted the cannon planted in that place, for the purpose of destroying the bridge: it was ready pointed, and the cannoniers, with lighted matches, only waited for the signal to fire. Having observed a decent dressed citizen talking with this officer, who appeared much alarmed on quitting him, I ventured to ask him what news was brought by the hussar? I was answered, "That the French would be in sight in an hour." This most disagreeable intelligence I kept to myself, not wishing to alarm my fellow-travellers, but my impatience to proceed can easier be imagined than expressed."

The travellers were so fortunate as to steer clear of the French, and to arrive in safety at Hamburg. The beautiful appearance of this city from a distance is productive of considerable disappointment on entering its narrow and dirty streets. The houses, built both of brick and wood, project forwards into the streets; and the windows, as in other towns of Germany, are so narrow and so near to each other as to make the dwellings of the lower orders look like manufactories. The population is computed at 110,000, of whom near 12,000 are Jews. The police is remarkably good, especially in cases of fire; which attention indeed is indispensable in a town that is built principally of wood. So admirable are the precautions, and so accurately do the engine-workers and others know the parts which they have to act, that no instance has occurred, for many years, of two houses being burned in succession. The society in this city is chiefly mercantile, scarcely half a dozen noble families being resident in it. Here, as in the other great trading cities of Europe, the merchants live with a splendour not inferior to that of aristocratic families. Literature was formerly at a very low ebb in Hamburg: but, in late years, a great improvement has taken place, and the public libraries are now much extended. One of the best establishments of the place is a public pawn-brokerage, at which money is lent to the poor at the annual interest of six per cent. and the articles, though often sold in consequence of the inability of the parties to re-

deem them, are so managed as to obtain their real value. Though the poor are very numerous, no one is allowed to beg; they are kept within doors, and made to work for their subsistence. The most prevalent complaints at Hamburgh are consumptions and other affections of the lungs; owing, probably, to the damp produced by the quantity of water which always adjoins, and not unfrequently inundates, the city. Few places, however, can boast more beautiful environs. The mixture of wood and water, joined to extensive prospects, makes the neighbouring scenery delightful in summer. The Elbe is supposed, by many who have not seen Hamburgh, to be the only river near it: but, in addition to that capacious stream which flows on the south, it possesses the Alster to the north, and the Bille to the east. Though the surrounding country is fertile, the concourse of inhabitants makes living, and, consequently, wages, so high, that few manufactures are carried on at Hamburgh. Sugar-refining ranks among the most considerable; and there are, or rather were, in this city, nearly three hundred bake-houses of that description, great and small. [It deserves to be mentioned that the sugar-houses in our own country are worked almost exclusively by Germans.] In former years the chief importations of sugar, as well as of other colonial produce, were received from St. Domingo, which made the commerce of Hamburgh with France much greater than with other countries: but, since the French Revolution, the principal trade of Hamburgh has been with England. The chief articles of export from the Elbe are corn, timber, hemp, lead, and wool; all of which are brought by water-carriage from a distance. Vessels of 300 tons and upwards are obliged by their depth of draught to complete their loading at some distance below Hamburgh.

M. de Boisgelin communicates several observations on a topic which was lately discussed in the Report of the Bullion Committee, viz. the rules of the Hamburgh Bank. This establishment is of much older date than the Bank of England, having originated in 1619. Our bank was an institution of convenience; theirs, of self defence, the neighbouring states debasing their coin in such a manner as to constitute a kind of premium on the export of the unadulterated currency of Hamburgh. It was therefore determined by the merchants to pay their coin into the bank, and to make most of their transactions by checks or transfers. Such was the commencement of the Bank of Hamburgh; and its constitution still retains its original character, with this difference, that bank money now represents no particular coin, but any silver of a given fineness. A proprietor of a balance of bank money is entitled to receive it in this silver whenever he chooses: but the merchants rarely think of drawing

it out, finding it more convenient to make their transactions by an exchange of checks.—When treating of so important a topic as the Bank of Hamburg, we have no objection to M. de Boisgelin's minuteness : but he unluckily follows it up with an enumeration of other matters, of which we are under the necessity of saying that they would be less misplaced in a "Hamburg Guide" than in a book of travels. The history of the Hanseatic League, into which the author next enters, is given with equal prolixity, and is of course equally tedious. Of the contents of thirty pages, the only points which we deem worth offering to the attention of our readers are, that the league, when in its plenitude, consisted of sixty-four towns ; that its dissolution took place about the year 1630 ; and that, since that time, the title of Hanse towns has been confined to Lubeck, Bremen and Hamburg. The name of Arnemunda in the old list of Hanse towns having puzzled some authors, we believe that we can solve the difficulty, and may safely pronounce it to have been Arnemuyden, in the Island of Walcheren, which was formerly a sea-port of some consequence, though it is now an inconsiderable village.

After his minute account of the Hanseatic League, M. de Boisgelin proceeds to a description of Denmark ; which, as we have already stated to our readers, is nothing else than a translation of the part of the *Voyage des deux Français* which related to that kingdom, accompanied by a notice of the alterations produced in the course of the last twenty years. For the latter, the author is indebted, as he acknowledges, (Introduction, p. 4.) to M. Catteau's valuable work, *Tableau des Etats Dannois*.—We extract several passages of the description of Copenhagen :

"Some parts of this city are magnificent. The Goth-Street is a mile in length, and built in a straight line. It is, in general, well paved with flag-stones for foot-passengers in almost all the streets ; but these are too narrow to be of any use ; added to which, they are crossed by kennels between each house ; and though these are usually covered with planks, it is not always the case ; which makes it inconvenient, and indeed dangerous, to walk in the dark. The city is pretty well lighted.—Since the great fire, which destroyed nearly a third of Copenhagen, in 1795, and which consumed the worst part of the town, the whole has been greatly embellished, and handsome houses, regularly built, have replaced the ancient ones."—

"Copenhagen is very interesting to a traveller, and contains many fine establishments, which ought to be accurately examined. This city unites to the advantages of a capital all those arising from a commercial town. The port is safe and very handsome ; and there are a great many canals, which are extremely convenient for transporting merchandise, and carrying it to the different store-houses appointed to receive it. The number of inhabitants in Copenhagen amounted, in the year 1798, to 85,470 ; and in 1799, to 83,618. If, as we have reason to believe, this calculation be just, it appears that the population of this

city has been nearly the same for some time, and even in some degree diminished. It is probable that, owing to the dearness of Copenhagen, several persons may have retired either into the country, or into provincial towns."—

"There are very few assemblies in Copenhagen. Ombre is the favourite game, even at court. The *corps diplomatique* is the great resource of foreigners; and the ministers almost constantly live amongst themselves. They have established a private theatre, where they perform once a fortnight, and the royal family constantly attends. There are also different clubs, the members of which frequently give balls and concerts in the winter, where foreigners find no difficulty in being admitted."—

"If we compare Copenhagen, with respect to science, to the other cities of Europe, the advantage will undoubtedly not be on her side. The northern countries are in general very much behind-hand in every thing relating to arts and sciences; which we attribute to two principal causes. In the first place, the climate can have no great attractions for those born in a milder atmosphere; it indeed must, in a great degree, prevent learned and ingenious foreigners from settling in the country. The northern people are therefore left very much to themselves; which must have a great influence upon the state of the sciences, and still more upon that of the arts, which, in our opinion, require foreign assistance to bring them to perfection. A second obstacle is the poverty of the country, which cannot be remedied. Affluence is necessary for encouraging the arts; and it is impossible they can flourish where the fortunes of individuals are so moderate as they generally are in Denmark, though in Sweden they are still more so. It must not, however, be thought that there are no men of letters, libraries, nor cabinets of curiosities, in Copenhagen."—

"Holberg, a native of Norway, though in very confined circumstances, travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and fixed his residence at last at Copenhagen. Possessed of very superior talents, and expressing his ideas with peculiar facility, he published a variety of works on different subjects. He wrote upon history, geography and philosophy; he also tried his genius in the satirical and burlesque style, but he owes his reputation principally to his comedies; though it is very apparent, on reading the theatrical works of this fruitful author, that he had been introduced at too late a period into the kind of society capable of refining his taste, and forming his judgment."—

"From the middle of the eighteenth century to the present moment, many circumstances have combined to invigorate talents, and to extend the field of letters and science. Several men of distinguished merit have been enabled by government to undertake travels and voyages to increase knowledge, and to make useful discoveries. Learned and literary societies have been formed; public libraries have been considerably augmented; money being in general less scarce, a taste for reading and information of different kinds has spread through all ranks of people."

The library of the king of Denmark is a large collection; amounting, since the purchase of the late Mr. Suhm's books, to

260,000 volumes. The university-library is said to consist of 60,000 volumes.—If we turn from literature to trade, and compute the number of ships which annually navigate the Baltic, we find those of our own country greatly surpassing those of any other. A list is given (p. 52.) of the number of vessels which paid toll-dues at the Sound during a period of fourteen years, from 1777 to 1790, in which we find the

Aggregate of Danish shipping to be 20,454

Dutch - - - 20,861

Swedish - - - 24,529

English - - - 36,165

Many of the Danish and Swedish vessels being coasters, the Dutch was, no doubt, the flag which, in extent of tonnage, approached nearest to ours: but it deserves to be remarked that not only was the total of their shipping greatly inferior, but the progressive variation was altogether in our favour, their number being annually on the decrease, while ours proceeded in an augmenting ratio.—The military force of Denmark in infantry, cavalry, and artillery, may be computed at 60,000 men, of whom about the half are constantly under arms. Enlisting, we understand, is no longer the mode of raising troops; but all young men, except the sons of citizens, are accounted liable to enter on service at the age of twenty-one. These individuals draw lots, and all those who are thus selected are obliged to serve during six years; by which means an addition of 6 or 7,000 men is annually made to the army in Denmark, Holstein, and Sleswick. As a third only of the army is embodied at a time, two years of actual duty are all that is required, attendance in the months of May and June being accounted sufficient during the rest of the period. At the end of the six years the soldier becomes a militia-man, in which capacity he attends muster a few days only in the year. In eight years more he is exempted from this duty, and his name is inscribed in the reserve-militia, a corps which is scarcely ever assembled.

M. de Boisgelin's second volume is appropriated to an account of Sweden; in which, as in that of Denmark, we have a translation of the old work, with certain appendages arising out of events subsequent to the publication of the latter. Sköne, or Scania, the first province entered by the traveller arriving from the south, has a milder climate than any other part of Sweden; and the horses, oxen, and animals of every kind, are larger than elsewhere. The population here is not so thinly scattered as in the rest of Sweden, being computed to amount to 250,000 souls. In addition to other towns, Scania contains Malmoe, a flourishing place with 9,000 inhabitants; and Lund, the seat of the second Swedish University. Carlsrona, the chief naval harbour and

arsenal of Sweden, is situated in the adjoining province of Blekingen. It is well built, and takes rank in the list of Swedish cities after Stockholm and Gottenburgh. The port is excellent, and strongly defended both by nature and art. Gottenburgh has thriven greatly during the war which for the last twenty years has agitated the chief part of Europe. From the circumstance of having canals cut through the principal streets, and rows of trees planted along their banks, it bears resemblance to a Dutch town: but of foreign merchants the British are here both the most numerous and the most in favour. It will require in Bonaparte more dexterity than his denunciations against trade have as yet discovered, to accomplish a change in the mercantile predilections of the Swedes.

The author expatiates largely on the integrity of the Swedish peasantry; whom he declares to be, in that respect, equal, if not superior, to the lower class in any other country of Europe. He regrets, however, to add that this high reputation is on the decline in the towns, and in the portions of the kingdom which are most frequented by travellers. The inhabitants of the northern provinces, and of the retired parts of the rest of the country, still maintain that purity of character which caused it to be said that a trunk might be sent unlocked, in perfect safety, from one end of Sweden to the other; but Stockholm has lost all claim to a participation in this high honour. Morals are there nearly on a par with those of other capitals; and adventurers are as numerous as in most cities which are inhabited by a mixed population.

“The predominant religion is the Augsburg Confession of Faith, which has not undergone the smallest change: but liberty of conscience is everywhere allowed, and no mode of worship prohibited. The Catholics have a church at Stockholm; there are near two thousand in that city, and at least six thousand more in different parts of the kingdom. Many families of that persuasion are established in Finland, who come to Stockholm once a year, or at least once in two years, to perform the acts of devotion prescribed by their religion.”—

“The Swedes are infinitely better informed than other nations; and all the peasantry, without any exception, know how to read. Gustavus III. who never neglected any thing, had reason, from this circumstance, to dread the effects of news from France, and the influence it might have upon the minds of his people: he therefore forbade mention being made of the French Revolution in the Swedish Gazette, not wishing to have any thing appear in the public prints either for or against it; thinking, with reason, that ignorance upon this subject was the best method of insuring the happiness of his people.”—

“The peasants form the fourth order of the state: and Sweden is the only place in Europe (at least the only considerable nation) where the husbandman is regarded as any thing.”*

* “The case is the same in the Tyrol.”

The encomium on the knowledge of the Swedes is, however, to be taken with qualification, since, in another passage, we find M. de Boisgelin holding a very different language:

“ Learning has been very little cultivated for some years past in Sweden; reading is not the taste; and the generality of people are not desirous of improvement; the nobles, especially, when taken in a mass, are reputed ignorant: the clergy, indeed, are better informed, which is usually the case everywhere; but even amongst that body there are very few particularly distinguished by their superior knowledge. Gustavus III. however, contributed greatly to the progress of science; and the academies, gymnasiums, and public schools, are striking proofs of the enlightened genius of that excellent prince.”

The contradiction between these passages is to be reconciled by the distinction that, while the commonalty in Sweden are better informed than in the other countries of Europe, particularly the Roman Catholic states, the higher ranks have no pretensions to any such superiority: but, which is worse, a part of the aristocracy, and a most essential part too, we mean the senate, must be said to be greatly behind their poorer countrymen in the national virtue, integrity. The election of Bernadotte afforded to all Europe a memorable example of the power of foreign gold; and the following anecdote (p. 368.) will show that, by thus acting, the senators of the present day have only copied the example of their fathers and grandfathers:

“ A senator agreed with the French ambassador to sell him his vote in an affair of consequence, for four thousand plottes; (somewhat above three hundred pounds.) The secretary of the embassy, who was sent to pay him, met the senator in his carriage, and acquainted him with the business he was going upon. The senator said he need not proceed any further, but give him the four thousand plottes, which were in bank notes. The young man gave him the money, as any one else would have done in the same situation; but how great was his surprise and indignation, when his ambassador informed him the next morning, that the senator demanded the sum, which he absolutely denied having received. The affair in question was very important, and this man's opinion of great weight; consequently, it was thought more prudent to give eight thousand plottes, than to sacrifice four thousand for nothing. The ambassador and his secretary (who is now likewise an ambassador) were both alive in 1793.”

We turn our eyes with impatience from such gross rascality to contemplate the rude honesty of the Dalecarlians, and the literary tranquillity of Upsal:

“ Dalecarlia is more than eighty leagues in length, and sixty broad,
VOL. II. *New Series.* 13

There is very little arable land, and the population is not proportionate to such an extent of country, the number of inhabitants only amounting to about a hundred and twenty thousand. The principal, and indeed the only riches consist in mines and forges; but this country, interspersed as it is with lakes, forests, and torrents, may at least boast of giving birth to a brave, loyal people, ever attached to their sovereigns, though jealous of their liberties. These people, nearly as wild as their native mountains, still preserve their original harsh, rigid manners, and style of character. Enjoying the same degree of freedom, they cannot bend their necks to the yoke of slavery; and though truly attached to their king, they look up to him more as a chief than a sovereign master. They are, however, always ready to defend his cause; and the Dalecarlians of the present times have given proofs to Gustavus III. that they have not degenerated from their ancestors. Whenever they meet the king, they preserve their former custom of taking him by the hand. The Dalecarlians are distinguished by the name of Gray and Black, from their habits being always one or other of these colours."

"Upsala, formerly the capital of Sweden, is now that of Upland. The city is very small, containing scarcely four thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the students, the number of whom vary, as in every other university, though they seldom are fewer than five hundred. Upsala, though small, is well inhabited. Several Swedish noblemen live here, either from the wish of superintending their estates in the neighbourhood, or to avoid the expense and bustle of the capital. Three days at least are requisite to see Upsala properly: for this city contains many objects of curiosity, and is doubly interesting from having been the residence of Linnæus and Bergmann."

"The University was founded in 1476. Gustavus Adolphus, in 1624, made it a grant of some lands, which remain under the inspection of the consistory of professors. The revenue at that time, twenty-five thousand crowns, of three dollars each, is now nearly tripled, but the amount greatly depends upon a good or bad season. There are four faculties; four divinity professors (formerly there were five) who compose the ecclesiastical consistory; two professors of civil law; thirteen of philosophy; and four of physic. The new professors consist of one of divinity, one of private economy, and one of oratory and politics. The professors have a salary of fourteen hundred silver dollars, with a hundred ton of wheat, which may be estimated at sixteen hundred. There are two vacations annually, one from the 14th of December to the 28th of January, and the other from Midsummer to Michaelmas. The professors give lessons gratis, four times a week; but those who receive private ones pay one, two, or three rix-dollars a month, according to their circumstances, which payments are made at the two terms. There are particular foundations called *stipendia* (*exhibitions*) enjoyed by above a hundred students at Upsala. These are worth from 5*l.* to 30*l.* sterling, and are principally in the gift of the consistory. The library of this University is much celebrated throughout Europe, but it scarcely deserves so very high a reputation, though it undoubtedly contains many

curious articles; many of which, however, are misplaced in a library. The first room is dedicated to the *belles lettres*, history, and natural history. The contents of the second were a present of Gustavus III. when prince royal; which donation is inscribed on the door; and the third contains jurisprudence, divinity, and physic. The manuscripts in this collection are placed on the first floor: the most curious is the Gothic MS. in 4to. entitled *Codex Argenteus*; containing the four evangelists in gold and silver letters: the whole of the library consists in about fifty thousand volumes."

Gustavus III. succeeded in accomplishing a revolution in the form of government, but found it a much more difficult task to new-model the habits of his people. The use of ardent spirits, the great curse of Sweden, is too deeply rooted in the people to admit of control at the hand of the sovereign; and the most shocking tumults took place when the king attempted to forbid the continuance of private distillation. The scattered nature of the population scarcely admits of levying a productive tax on this the fittest of all objects for a heavy impost.

"In the towns," says M. de Boisgelin, "the taxes are numerous, and indeed heavy. All places under government are taxed; but those who hold different employments pay only for one, which is always the most considerable amongst them. Those who have the title without discharging the duties of the place, pay the double of what they would do if they exercised their employment. The taxes consist—1st, in the poll-tax; 2d, upon all appointments, revenues, and landed property; 3d, upon windows, all articles of luxury, such as horses, carriages, superfluous servants, silk furniture, gilding, and watches; 4th, upon silk clothes, snuff, and tobacco."

"*Army.* Every province is obliged to furnish either a regiment of infantry or of cavalry, according to its extent and population; and each individual, whether officer or soldier, has a portion of ground allotted him, with a house so situated that the colonel may be nearly in the centre of his regiment, and the captain in the midst of his company; at least, they endeavour this should be the case as much as possible." "Each district must provide one or more men, in proportion to its population; and the moment a soldier joins the army, another must be immediately named, that the first may be replaced, in case of death, without loss of time. Whenever a soldier is at liberty to quit the regiment, which is generally the case the greatest part of the year, he works at his trade, or tills the ground."

"The Swedish troops are spirited and well principled; the officers are brave, and the soldiers very like the French soldiers. They are not famous for supporting a continued fire, which they cannot stand for more than a few minutes if they have not the power of returning it; in that case it becomes absolutely necessary to make them charge the enemy. They understand the use of the bayonet and like to employ it; indeed, the Russians have frequently experienced the formidable

power of that weapon. An officer must always head his troop, and advance a few steps before it, otherwise it is very probable they may refuse to march; but, that ceremony performed, a Swede will follow his commander whithersoever he pleases. The Swedish soldiers are religious; and prayers are constantly read every day in all the regiments. They are honest men, incapable of mean actions, and free from all those vices which reflect dishonour on the name of a soldier throughout the greatest part of Europe. We now only speak of the national troops; for the recruited regiments and the garrisons are much the same as in other places."

Though a warm admirer of the character of Gustavus III. M. de Boisgelin is ready to acknowledge the imprudence of his proceedings, particularly in his manner of going to war with Russia in 1788. The prerogative of peace or war rested at that time with the states of Sweden; but the king, wishing to act with secrecy and expedition, had taken no steps to obtain their assent. On the part of his Swedish followers, who were of tried fidelity, this omission caused no relaxation of zeal: but with the Finlanders, whose language and feelings are different, it unfortunately supplied a pretext for the acceptance of Russian gold. Sprengporten, a Swedish subject by birth, acting the part of a traitor to his country, contrived to bribe a number of the Finland officers, and thus obliged the king to retreat at the moment at which he expected to march to the Russian capital, and lay it under contribution. Gustavus's subsequent conduct, in procuring to himself from the senate (p. 363.) the right of making peace and war, was as little entitled to commendation as his measures on occasion of the usurpation in 1772. All these faults, however, are palliated, we had almost said excused, by the singular clemency of this remarkable man; a clemency strikingly exemplified in the last days of his unfortunate life. The pistol used by his assassin, Ankerstroem, was loaded with two balls, and a great many nails; and the surgeons being unable to extract any thing more than a slight part of the charge, the king expired after having lingered twelve days in torment. Yet, during this long continuance of suffering, he preserved his characteristic calmness and fortitude. His feeling towards the conspirators who had planned his assassination will be best described by an extract from the state-paper published after his death by his brother, the present Duke of Sudermania:

"Being with his late majesty, who was then upon his death-bed, and who expired in a very few days, we talked to him of the cruel misfortune that had befallen him, and the fatal consequence that would ensue. The king condescended to tell us, that the idea of the deserved

tortures which awaited his murderers pained him more than his own sufferings; and he added, that it weighed so much upon his spirits as to prevent his enjoying a moment's peace, till we had promised and sworn to him, upon the faith of a brother and a prince, that in case he died, we would, in consideration of his entreaties, save the lives of those unhappy wretches who had thus forgotten the fidelity they owed him. Melting into tears at the noble interest he took in their fate, we however ventured to represent that no laws, either human or divine, could suffer so horrible a crime to escape the punishment of death; and that the honour of the Swedish name, together with the public safety, expressly demanded this justice. His majesty was sensibly touched at these sincere representations, and said with much sorrow, that if the law of reprisal necessarily required blood for blood, and if his intercessions, as the party concerned, were not sufficient to save the criminal who was so unfortunate as to strike the blow, he reserved to himself the power of pronouncing that the assassin alone should be punished with death, and that he granted their lives to all who were concerned in the plot."

In consequence of this humane bequest, the sentence of death pronounced on four of the conspirators was commuted to that of perpetual banishment, and Ankerstroem was the only sufferer by capital punishment.

A series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger Passions of the Mind. By Joanna Baillie. Vol. III. Pp. 314.

[From the British Critic.]

WE have, on several occasions, so fully expressed our opinion that the author of these plays excels in dramatic genius, that we must not be considered as in any degree retracting that opinion, when we confess that the present volume has not gratified us equally with the former. The task which Miss B. has imposed upon her muse is indeed so arduous, that no reasonable person will be surprised to find the execution of it not always equally successful. Some passions are more dramatic than others; and though the poetess has proved that fear may in some cases become tragical, it is assuredly rather a comic than a tragic passion, contempt being so very apt to follow upon the striking appearance of it. Nevertheless, she has attempted to found two tragedies upon it, one in verse and one in prose. These, with a comedy on the same passion, and a serious musical drama on Hope, make up the present volume.

Of the two tragedies, it is certain that both contain striking situations, well conceived, and forcibly written. Yet all the

art and genius of the writer fail to convince us that the subjects are well chosen for dramas. A sensible, elegant and interesting woman, irrecoverably, as it should seem, frightened out of her senses, by a supposed apparition, with every possible allowance for female weakness, is a spectacle, in the first instance, contemptible, and in the second horrible. No cordial sympathy can justly be expected for an excess of apprehension, morbid from the first; and when worked up into fixed insanity, painful rather than affecting. Such is the outline of the tragedy of Orra, on which we cannot but think that very high powers of poetic genius have been unfortunately employed.

The Dream follows, a tragedy in three acts, and in prose. In the first place we object, and strongly object, to a tragedy in prose. But much more material is our objection to the story employed. It is true, that stories are in circulation, and some of them, perhaps, not ill authenticated, of such an effect of fear as is there represented, that of causing death. But that this event should happen to a brave and tried general, to one who, even under the influence of this apprehension, is ready to defy the issue of the most unequal conflict, is *perhaps* possible; but if it be, it must always carry with it so striking an *appearance* of improbability, not to say impossibility, that the mind cannot assent to it. We may grant it in argument to be possible, rather because attested than understood; but to form a conception of it, or to contemplate a picture of it, as a reasonable subject, exceeds the power of acquiescence. If Osterloo be driven to this excess of apprehension by conscience, what becomes of his conscience when he is to fight with desperation?—but the truth is, when we see him so cowed we disbelieve his courage, and when we see him so brave we cannot conceive his cowardice. The two effects destroy each other.

Of the comedy called The Siege, intended to illustrate the same passion, we shall say but little. The comic muse does not smile upon this author. The passion of fear has been made supremely ridiculous by almost every dramatist, and the exhibition of it here is certainly much less ridiculous than many of the former instances. The timid Count Valdemere is rather pitiable than laughable; and even they who have exposed him are obliged to own, in the last scene, that they have used him unfairly. But exclusive of this principal fault, there is so great a want of the *vis comica* throughout, that unless the author has more courage than the boldest personage in her drama, she will hardly venture again into the path of comedy. Her former comedies, if we recollect them rightly, had not much more power of exhilaration, and after this further trial, it will surely be most wise to retrench this part of the plan, and to write only tragedies.

When we say this, however, we by no means wish to exclude such dramas as that which concludes the volume. It is not indeed a tragedy, but it is serious, and in blank verse. It is also musical, forming thereby a new variety in the forms of the drama. But it is beautiful. Every thing is pleasing in it. The songs, the situations, the composition, every part, in short, is elegant and interesting. Such a musical drama, properly managed, would, we are convinced, have great attractions. It avoids the heaviness of the serious opera, by not throwing the dialogue into recitative; and the songs being introduced with propriety, would assist, instead of encumbering the dialogue. Such are the general characteristics of these dramas, from some of which we shall now proceed to give specimens.

Orra, the heroine of the tragedy which bears that name, is represented as being habitually subject to the impressions of superstitious fear. With these dispositions strong upon her, she is sent for a time to reside in a lonely castle reputed to be haunted, and really occupied by a secret gang of outlaws, who contrive to keep up the reputation of the place by tremendous noises, which they produce at night. Her apprehensions, on being left alone in this place, are thus depicted. It should be premised that Rudigere is a villain, who has deep designs upon her.

Rud. "All still within.—I'm tired and heavy grown:
I'll lay me down to rest. She is secure:
No one can pass me here to gain her chamber.
If she hold parley now with any thing,
It must in truth be ghost or sprite.—Heigh ho!
I'm tired, and will to bed.

(Lays himself on the couch and falls asleep. The cry of hounds is then heard without at a distance, with the sound of a horn; and presently Orra enters, bursting from the door of an adjoining chamber in great alarm.)

Or. Cathrina! sleepest thou? Awake! Awake!

(Running up to the couch and starting back on seeing Rudigere.)

That hateful viper here!

Is this my nightly guard? Detested wretch!

I will steal back again.

(Walks softly on tiptoe to the door of her chamber, when the cry of hounds, &c. is again heard without, nearer than before.)

O no! I dare not.

Tho' sleeping, and most hateful when awake,
Still he is natural life and may be 'waked.

(Listening again.)

'Tis nearer now: that dismal thrilling blast!
I must awake him.

(Approaching the couch and shrinking back again.)

O no! no no!

Upon his face he wears a horrid smile

That speaks bad thoughts.

(Rud. speaks in his sleep.)

He mutters too my name.—

I dare not do it.

(Listening again.)

The dreadful sound is now upon the wind,

Sullen and low, as if it wound its way

Into the cavern'd earth that swallow'd it.

I will abide in patient silence here;

Tho' hateful and asleep, I feel me still

Near something of my kind.

(Crosses her arms, and leans in a covering posture over the back of a chair at a distance from the couch; when presently the horn is heard without, louder than before, and she starts up.)

O it returns! as tho' the yawning earth

Had given it up again, near to the walls.

The horribly mingled din! 'tis nearer still:

'Tis close at hand: 'tis at the very gate!

(Running up to the couch.)

Were he a murderer, clinching in his hands

The bloody knife, I must awake him.—No!

That face of dark and subtle wickedness!

I dare not do it. *(Listening again.)* Aye; 'tis at the gate—

Within the gate.—

What rushing blast is that

Shaking the doors? Some awful visitation

Dread entrance makes! O mighty God of Heaven!

A sound ascends the stairs.

Ho, Rudigere!

Awake, awake! Ho! Wake thee, Rudigere!

Rud. (waking) What cry is that so terribly strong?—Ha, Orra! What is the matter?

Or. It is within the walls. Didst thou not hear it?

Rud. What? The loud voice that call'd me?

Or. No, it was mine.

Rud. It sounded in my ears

With more than human strength.

Or. Did it so sound?

There is around us, in this midnight air,

A power surpassing nature. List, I pray:

Altho' more distant now, dost thou not hear

The yell of hounds; the spectre-huntsman's horn?

Rud. I hear, indeed, a strangely mingled sound:

The wind is howling round the battlements.

But rest secure where safety is, sweet Orra!

Within these arms, nor man nor fiend shall harm thee." P. 55.

This is conceived and written with great force, and it may easily be imagined that when, after this, she is assailed by what

she has been worked up to believe a real spectre, though it is indeed her lover in disguise, she falls the victim of her disordered imagination, and loses her senses beyond all hope of recovery. Such is the catastrophe of this piece. Horrible enough certainly, if the previous apprehension be supposed, but not, to our feeling, a judicious subject for a tragedy. The character of Glottenbal, in this drama, bears very strong resemblance to that of Cloten in *Cymbeline*, as, indeed, even the name intimates.

From the prosaic tragedy called *The Dream*, we do not see that we could take any specimen satisfactory to our readers, though we do not deny that the whole may be read with interest, notwithstanding the improbabilities it involves. Nor will the comedy supply us better with matter for detached consideration. We come then to the musical drama on *Hope*, called *The Beacon*, and here beauties are numerous. It opens with this choral air:

“Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour;
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower;
On flower and tree loud hums the bee;
The wilding kid sports merrily:
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up! lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam;
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way.

“Up! time will tell; the friar's bell
Its service-sound hath chimed well;
The aged crone keeps house alone,
And reapers to the fields are gone;
The active day so boon and bright,
May bring good fortune ere the night.” P. 269.

The other songs are also finely written. The eclaircissement in the second act is striking. The heroine, *Aurora*, thus addresses the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem:

“Renowned men ye are; holy and brave;
In every field of honour and of arms
Some of your noble brotherhood are found:
Perhaps the valiant knights I now behold,
Did on that luckless day against the Souldain
Withbrave De Villeneuve for the cross contend.

If this be so, you can, perhaps, inform me
Of one who in the battle fought, whose fate
Is still unknown.

1st Knight. None of us all, fair dame, so honour'd were
As in that field to be, save this young knight.
Sir Bertram, wherefore, in thy mantle lapt,
Standst thou so far behind? Speak to him, Lady:
For in that battle he right nobly fought,
And may, belike, wot of the friend you mention'd.

Aur. (going up eagerly to the young Knight.) Didst thou there
fight?—then surely thou didst know
The noble Ermingard, who from this isle
With valiant Conrad went:——
What fate had he upon that dismal day?

Young Kt. Whate'er his fate in that fell fight might be,
He now is as the dead.

Aur. Is as the dead! ha! then he is not dead:
He's living still. O tell me—tell me this!
Say he is still alive; and tho' he breathe
In the foul pest-house; tho' a wretched wanderer,
Wounded and maim'd; yea, though his noble form
With chains and stripes and slavery be disgrac'd,
Say he is living still, and I will bless thee.
Thou know'st—full well thou know'st, but wilt not speak.
What means that heavy groan? For love of God,
Speak to me!

(Tears the mantle from his face, with which he had concealed it.)
My Ermingard! My blessed Ermingard!
Thy very living self restored again!
Why turn from me?

Er. Ah! call'st thou this restored?

Aur. Do I not grasp thy real living hand?
Dear, dear!—so dear! most dear!—my lost, my found!
Thou turn'st and weep'st; art thou not so to me?

Er. Ah! would I were! alas, alas! I'm lost:
Sever'd from thee for ever.

Aur. How so? What mean such words?

Er. (shaking his head and pointing to the cross on his mantle.)
Look on this emblem of a holy vow
Which binds and weds me to a heavenly love:
We are, my sweet Aurora, far divided;
Our bliss is wreck'd for ever." P. 301.

Our readers will easily anticipate the conclusion which we
are about to make; which is, that though this volume is on the
whole inferior to those that have preceded it, there are not
wanting in it marks of poetic skill and genius, sufficient to main-
tain the well-earned fame of the writer.

The Beauties of Christianity; by F. A. de Chateaubriand. Author of Travels in Greece and Palestine, Atala, &c. Translated from the French, by Frederic Shoberl. With a Preface and Notes, by the Rev. Henry Kett, B. D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In three volumes, 8vo.

[From the Literary Panorama, for April, 1813.]

THE objects of criticism are numerous and combined, though distinct. Sometimes the principal object is by exposure of bad writers to guard the public taste, and by timely warning to prevent its debasement. Sometimes the object is by reproof of immorality to defend the manners of the times, and those of the rising generation especially. Much harm has been done by the heavy, tasteless, somnolent style in which divines have treated religious truths. The evils of the opposite extreme have not yet been equally felt in Britain; but the work before us, with some others, of foreign origin, sufficiently demonstrate the necessity of vigilance, to guard our language, sentiment and manners from perversion and deterioration.

Never was a more unequal writer than M. Chateaubriand. His thoughts and expressions not infrequently glow with truly poetic fire: and not infrequently his reasoning is weak, his phraseology affected, and the writer exposes both himself and his subject to contempt. There is scarcely a more dangerous gift to an active and vigorous mind than a fervid imagination, uncontrolled by judgment; unacquainted with the power and practice of selection. It was well said by an able poet,

Poets lose half the praise they would have got;
Were it but known what they discreetly blot.

In the art of discreetly blotting, M. C. is no proficient. He has embodied his own ideas, and described his own feelings, heedless whether his reader would comprehend them; and he has vitiated many an excellent thought by denying himself sufficient time for selecting the most appropriate expressions, and establishing by investigation the correctness of his assertions.

While, therefore, we admire some passages in his volumes, the love of truth compels us to censure others in unqualified terms; and while we feel the force of some sentiments on our hearts, and honour their author for his noble conceptions and vigour of language, others are so injudicious, and their dress so fantastical, that a part of them we pity, while other parts we condemn.

Most extravagant, surely, is M. C.'s superstitious notion of miraculous efficacy attendant on baptismal affusion. He tells us, that on one occasion "a father Jesuit dipped a napkin in water, and with it sprinkled the kneeling crowd, thus *procuring everlasting life* for those whom he was unable to rescue from temporal death." No sound theologian will refer his pupils to that action for *everlasting life*.

It is well known that the Panoramists pique themselves on their gallantry to the ladies; but they cannot officially contemplate the sex as "angelic beings," or as other than "mere mortals." They consider the *soul* of man as complete in itself, whether he be husband or bachelor; and they deem nothing better than rant the assertion, that "his *soul* as well as his body is *imperfect* without his wife." But while they condemn this poetic furor, because misplaced and misapplied, they can do justice to the animated paragraph, as a whole, in which these extravagancies occur; and can forgive the wildness of its beginning from sympathy with the beauties of its close.

"*The wife of a christian is not a mere mortal; she is an extraordinary, a mysterious, an angelic being; she is flesh of her husband's flesh, and bone of his bone. By his union with her the man only takes back a portion of his substance. His soul as well as his body is imperfect without his wife; he possesses strength, she has beauty. He opposes the enemy in arms, he cultivates the soil of his country; but he enters not into the domestic details; he has need of a wife to prepare his repast and his bed. He encounters afflictions, and the partner of his nights is there to sooth them; his days are clouded by adversity, but on his couch he meets with a chaste embrace, and forgets all his sorrows. Without woman he would be rude, unpolished, solitary; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the flowers of life, like the honeysuckles of the forests which adorn the trunks of the oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the christian husband and his wife live and die together; together they rear the issue of their union; together they return to dust, and together they again meet beyond the confines of the tomb, to part no more.*"

The title of these volumes, "The Beauties of Christianity," is likely to excite different ideas in the minds of readers. Not a few will expect to find the beauties of their divine religion displayed in its moral effects. When reformation of manners evinces a renovation of mind, when the man who was furious as a lion becomes gentle as a lamb, when he controls those passions which he formerly indulged, and malice is banished from his heart as blasphemy from his lips, when insolence is exchanged

for meekness, and inebriety for temperance, when lewdness gives place to chastity, and avarice to liberality, when from being a curse to society, the convert becomes a blessing to all around him, *these* they will say, and justly, are the beauties of christianity. Others will discover these beauties in that principle which accompanies the christian everywhere, and governs his inmost soul, which renders solitude and publicity the same to him, in regard to the presiding sentiments of his heart, which confirms the dictates of his internal monitor, and forms his character to an elevation, never perhaps expected, and not so sensible to himself as visible to others. Right reason now reigns, where mere sensuality lately tyrannised; and the liberated individual well improves that freedom which forms at once an occasion of his gratitude and a source of his delight.

These sentiments M. C. we doubt not feels as a man; but in this work he writes as a poet. His object is to prove that christianity is the most favourable of religious dispensations to the finer feelings of the mind, to taste, to genius, to the elegant arts, to the belles lettres, to the liberal sciences. Genius, in whatever form it appears, whatever branch of study it pursues, may yet be christian. Neither diagrams nor logarithms are proscribed by true religion; neither astronomy, nor mathematics; neither history nor chronology, neither painting nor poesy; neither music nor oratory. M. C. finds christianity in the pompous solemnities of a funeral in honour of the dead, and in the recluse retirements of those who bury themselves while living. The din of arms and feats of valour contribute to his arguments no less than those highly laudable institutions, which in the form of hospitals for the sick, and refuges for the destitute, speak home to the soul itself, in favour of that religion from which they have usually emanated, and by which they are usually supported and directed. He extends his ideas to the improvements made in a country, to the industry of its inhabitants, to the state of their towns, villages and roads, to all that can interest the eye, or affect the heart. Whatever of indiscriminate and even inconsistent this assemblage may present, great allowances must be made for its author, when we reflect that he wrote for his own country; for France still sunk in that abyss into which the absence of christianity from all and every of these particulars, and a thousand others, had plunged her. When the whole soul was benumbed, it was wise to endeavour to restore feeling in any part. *Forsan scintilla latet*, was as proper a motto for a French apologist for christianity, as for the Humane Society. Certainly nothing could possibly be worse in point of composition, of taste, of the decent sensibilities of humanity, than those public papers, addresses, &c. which the press vomit-

ed forth on astonished Europe, dinned with the jargon of the all-promising *Republique une et indivisible*. Such were the *improvements* of philosophers; from all such improvers may heaven defend us! In pursuit of his object, M. C. institutes comparisons between the Deities of Paganism and the God of the Bible; with the inferior agents, the Genii, and the furies of the former, the Angels, Saints and Devils of the latter. He traces the uses made of each system by its poets and moralists; he examines their views of nature and Providence; the characters they respectively present, their effect on the passions, on the intellect, on taste, style, &c. &c. and proves that in every view infidelity has blasted talent, has been the corroding principle, by which whatever was of especial promise was definitively ruined.

Such a work could scarcely fail of exciting considerable sensation in the country to which it was addressed; and, indeed, such a work, judiciously conducted, might correct prevailing errors among ourselves. The protestant and British writer would be unembarrassed by the devices of popery to captivate the senses: the glitter of lights, the refulgence of gems and gold, are nowhere enjoined in scripture; the severities of monachism add nothing to the "beauties" of our holy religion; for certain it is, that he who shuts himself up in a convent has different, and even contradictory, notions of duty from him who "went about doing good." A fair comparison of the endeavours among christians to alleviate the unavoidable ills of life, would prove greatly to the honour of their profession. Many are the temples and palaces shown as ruins of pagan magnificence; but, we recollect no structure destined to sooth the sorrows of the afflicted, to combine the means of cure with those of instruction, to educate youth apart from vice, if possible, and to infuse good morals among the bulk of the population. Where in all Rome, that imperial mistress of the world! was any such attempt made—made from the genuine source of piety—the love of the Gods?

Such a work, too, might be useful among us in correcting the opposite prejudices of certain classes of people, one of which charges the other with preferring the trifles of time, miscalled elegant and learned studies, to the most important matters; while the other stands aloof from maxims supposed to inculcate barbarism and deformity. That is a mistaken christianity which fancies churlishness and rusticity, moroseness and meanness, to be integral parts of the sacred system. Our Holy Master, while he condescends to the most ignorant, is company, and superior company, too, for the most polite.

In the prosecution of his work, M. C. examines the different sublimities of Homer and Milton; and he honourably adjudges

the palm, in general, to the latter. He appeals to Tasso, to Dante, &c. for dreadful images, and to Racine, Bossuet, &c. for images of tenderness, superior to those of Virgil and other ancients—a superiority derived from christianity. He calls up the dead of Port Royal to receive the meed of praise, and the Jesuits he applauds and regrets almost without limitation. Some of his remarks are very shrewd. Those on natural history, which are the result of his own observation, are curious and striking; as may appear from a specimen or two. Speaking on the fall of man—on the serpent, says M. C.

“The present age rejects with disdain whatever has any tincture of the marvellous: arts, sciences, morals, religion, are all stripped of their enchantments. The serpent has frequently been the subject of our observations, and if we may venture to speak out, we have often imagined that we could discover in him that pernicious sagacity and that subtlety which are ascribed to him by scripture. Every thing is mysterious, secret, astonishing, in this incomprehensible reptile. His movements differ from those of all other animals; it is impossible to say where his locomotive principle lies, for he has neither fins, nor feet, nor wings; and yet he flits like a shadow, he vanishes as by magic, he reappears and is gone again, like a light azure vapour, or the gleams of a sabre in the dark. Now he curls himself into a circle, and projects a tongue of fire; now standing erect upon the extremity of his tail, he moves along in a perpendicular attitude as by enchantment. He rolls himself into a ball; rises and falls in a spiral line; gives to his rings the undulations of waves; twines round the branches of trees, glides under the grass of the meadows, or skims along the surface of water. His colours are not more determinate than his activity; they change with each new point of view, and like his motion they possess false splendour and deceitful variety.

“Still more astonishing in the rest of his manners, he knows, like a man polluted with murder, how to throw aside his garment distained with blood, lest it should lead to his detection. By a singular faculty, the female can receive back into her body the little monsters to which she has given birth.*

“The serpent passes whole months in sleep; he frequents tombs, inhabits secret retreats, produces poisons which chill, burn, or checker the body of his victim with the colours with

*As this part of the description is so very extraordinary, it may appear to want confirmation. “Mr de Beauvois, as related in the American Philosophical Transactions, declared himself an eye-witness of such a fact as is above stated. He saw a large rattlesnake, which he had disturbed in his walks, open her jaws, and instantly five small ones, which were lying by her, rushed into her mouth. He retired and watched her, and in a quarter of an hour saw her again discharge them. The common viper does the same.” See “Shaw’s General Zoology,” vol. III. p. 324. 374.

which he is himself marked. In one place he raises his *two menacing heads*; in another he sounds a rattle; he hisses like an eagle of the mountain; he bellows like a bull. He naturally associates with all moral or religious ideas, as if in consequence of the influence which he exercised over our destiny. An object of horror or adoration, men either feel an implacable hatred against him, or bow before his genius; Falsehood calls him to his aid, and Prudence claims him as her own; in hell he arms the scourges of the furies, in heaven eternity is typified by his image. He moreover possesses the art of seducing innocence; his eyes fascinate the birds of the air, and beneath the fern of the crib, the ewe to him gives up her milk. But he may himself be charmed by the harmony of sweet sounds; and to subdue him, the shepherd needs no other weapon than his pipe.

“In the month of July, 1791, we were travelling in Upper Canada, with several families of savages belonging to the nation of the Onontagues. One day, when we had halted in a spacious plain on the bank of the river Genesee, a rattlesnake entered our encampment. Among us was a Canadian who could play on the flute, and who, to divert us, advanced against the serpent with his new species of weapon. On the approach of his enemy, the haughty reptile curls himself into a spiral line, flattens his head, inflates his cheeks, contracts his lips, displays his envenomed fangs, and his bloody throat; his double tongue glows like two flames of fire; his eyes are burning coals; his body swollen with rage, rises and falls like the bellows of a forge; his dilated skin assumes a dull and scaly appearance; and his tail, whence proceeds the death-denouncing sound, vibrates with such rapidity as to resemble a light vapour.

“The Canadian now begins to play upon his flute; the serpent starts with surprise and draws back his head. In proportion as he is struck with the magic effect, his eyes lose their fierceness, the oscillations of his tail become slower, and the sound which it emits grows weaker, and gradually dies away. Less perpendicular upon their spiral line, the rings of the charmed serpent are by degrees expanded, and sink, one after another, upon the ground in concentric circles. The shades of azure, green, white, and gold, recover their brilliancy on his quivering skin, and slightly turning his head, he remains motionless in the attitude of attention and pleasure.

At this moment the Canadian advanced a few steps, producing with his flute sweet and simple notes. The reptile inclining his variegated neck, opens a passage with his head through the high grass, and begins to creep after the musician, stopping when he stops, and beginning to follow him again as soon as he moves forward. In this manner he was led out of our camp,

attended by a great number of spectators, both savages and Europeans, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they witnessed this wonderful effect of harmony. The assembly unanimously decreed that the serpent which had so highly entertained them should be permitted to escape."

Our author's account of the manners of the crocodile is no less interesting. But we object to the term "monster," as applied to a natural race of creatures—"species of monsters" is intolerable.

"In the Floridas, at the foot of the Apalachian mountains, are found springs which are denominated natural wells. Each well is scooped out of the centre of a hill planted with orange trees, evergreen oaks, and catalpas. This hill opens in the form of a crescent towards the savanna, and at the aperture a channel is connected with the well. The hollow formed by the trees as they overhang the fountain, causes the water beneath to appear perfectly black; but at the spot where the aqueduct joins the base of the cone, a ray of light, entering by the bed of the channel, falls upon a single point of the liquid mirror, which produces an effect resembling that of the glass in the *camera obscura* of the painter. A solitary crocodile, profoundly silent in the midst of the basin, completes the illusion. By his motionless attitude, by his large nostrils spouting the water in two coloured ellipses, you would take him for a dolphin of bronze, in some grotto among the groves of Versailles.

"The crocodiles, or caymans of the Floridas, live not always in solitude. At certain seasons of the year they assemble in troops, and lie in ambush to attack the scaly travellers who are expected to arrive from the ocean. When these have ascended the rivers, and, wanting water for their vast shoals, perish stranded on the shores, and threaten to infect the air, Providence suddenly lets loose upon them an army of four or five thousand crocodiles. The monsters, raising a tremendous outcry, and gnashing their horrid jaws, rush upon the affrighted strangers. Lashed by the redoubled strokes of their terrific tails, the billows fly upward in clouds of foam. Bounding from all sides, the combatants close, seize, and entwine each other. Now plunging to the bottom of the abyss they roll themselves in the mud; now ascending to the surface of the waves, the day witnesses their dreadful conflicts. The waters, stained with blood, are covered with mangled carcasses and reeking entrails. The valleys, mountains, and forests repeat the din of the horrible affray. No description can convey any idea of these extraordinary scenes described by travellers, and which the reader is always tempted to consider as mere exaggerations. It often happens that a hurricane, accompanied by one of those earthquakes so frequent

between the tropics, overtakes the combatants: the earth, parched with the fire of the dogstar, opens; the two seas, rising in rebellion, attack both the shores of the new world, and the Andes, shaking their riven summits, precipitate their rocks and their ices into either ocean. Routed, dispersed, and panic-struck, the foreign legions, pursued as far as the Atlantic, are obliged to return to its abyss, that by supplying our wants at some future period, they may serve without injuring us. In this manner all the works of the Creator are regulated by invariable laws.

“These species of monsters have sometimes proved a stumbling-block to the wisdom of the atheist; they are, however, extremely necessary for a general plan. They inhabit only the deserts where the absence of man commands their presence; they are placed there for the express purpose of destroying, till the arrival of the great destroyer. The moment we appear on the coast, they resign the empire to us; certain that a single individual of our species will make greater havoc than ten thousand of theirs.

.....

“Whatever may be the deformity of the beings which we call monsters, if we consider them individually, we may discover in their horrible figures some marks of divine goodness. Has a crocodile or a serpent less affection for her young than a nightingale or a dove? The instinct, or the understanding, of animals varies, but the feeling is alike in every species. Is it not a contrast equally wonderful and pleasing, to behold this crocodile building a nest and laying an egg like a hen, and a little monster issuing from that egg like a chicken?

“And what solicitude for her family does not the female crocodile display? She walks her rounds among the nests of her sisters, forming cones of eggs and of clay, and ranged like the tents of a camp on the bank of a river. The Amazon keeps a vigilant guard, and leaves the fires of day to operate; for if the delicate tenderness of the mother is, as it were, represented in the egg of the crocodile, the strength and the manners of that powerful animal are denoted by the sun which hatches that egg, and by the mud which serves them for ferment. As soon as one of the broods is hatched, the female takes the young monsters under her protection; they are not always her own children, but she thus serves an apprenticeship to maternal cares, and makes her dexterity equal to her future tenderness. When her family, at length, burst from their confinement, she conducts them to the river, she washes them in pure water, she teaches them to swim, she catches small fishes for them, and protects them from the males, by whom otherwise they would frequently be devoured. A Spaniard of Florida related to us, that, having taken the brood of a crocodile, which he ordered some negroes

to carry away in a basket, the female followed him, making pitiful lamentations. Two of the young were placed upon the ground; the mother immediately began to push them with her paws and with her snout; sometimes posting herself behind to defend them, sometimes walking before to show them the way. The young animals crawled, groaning, in the footsteps of their mother; and this enormous reptile, which used to shake the shores with her bellowing, then made a kind of bleating noise, as gentle as that of a goat suckling her kids.

"The rattlesnake vies with the crocodile in maternal affection; this superb reptile, which, as it is never the first to attack, gives a lesson of generosity to man, likewise presents to him a pattern of tenderness. When her offspring are pursued, she receives them into her mouth: dissatisfied with every other place of concealment, she hides them within herself, concluding that no asylum can be safer for her progeny than the bosom of a mother. A perfect example of sublime love, she refuses to survive the loss of her young: for it is impossible to deprive her of them without tearing out her entrails."

The poison of this serpent is always most violent at the time when she has a family. Our author follows these observations to the times and seasons wherein they take place; and allots a chapter to the migration of plants.

But these are incidental observations only, though not foreign from M. C.'s principal object, which is, to introduce a moral appeal to the conscience, the natural feelings, and the taste of his readers. This he effects under various forms. There is not a person of either sex who has passed half the age allotted to man, but has felt the pain of parting from a friend, a brother, an object of affection, a second self. It is very fair to institute a comparison between the considerations which infidelity or paganism could afford to sooth the sufferings of the mind, while under such affliction, and those offered by christianity. Not that christianity answers all our *curious* inquiries; it speaks the language of hope, but it does not enlarge by way of dissertation. M. C. has the following thoughts on this subject.

"This genial warmth which *charity* communicates to the virtuous passions, imparts to them a divine character. The people of antiquity looked forward to a futurity that was bounded by the tomb: here they suffered shipwreck. Friends, brothers, husband and wife, parted at the gates of death, and felt that their separation was eternal; the height of their felicity consisted in mingling their ashes together; but how mournful must have been an urn containing nought but recollections! Polytheism has fixed man in the regions of the past; christianity has placed him in the plains of hope. The joys derived from virtuous senti-

ments on earth, are but a foretaste of the bliss that is reserved for us. The principle of our friendships is not in this world; two beings who mutually love each other here below, are only on the road to heaven, where they will arrive together if virtue be their guide: so that this strong expression employed by the poets, *to transfuse your soul into that of your friend*, is literally true, in respect of two christians. In quitting their bodies, they merely disencumber themselves of an obstacle which prevented their more intimate union, and their souls fly to be commingled in the bosom of the Almighty.

“Thus christianity, in revealing to us the foundations upon which rest the passions of men, has not stripped life of its enchantments; infinitely superior in this respect to that false philosophy which is too solicitous to dive into the nature of man, and to fathom the bottom of every thing. The christian religion has raised only so much of the veil as was necessary for us to see our way; but as for things which it is unnecessary for us to know, these she has enveloped in doubt and obscurity. We ought not to be continually sounding the abysses of the heart; the truths which it contains belong to the number of those that require half-light and perspective. It is highly imprudent to be incessantly applying our judgment to the loving part of our being, to transfer the reasoning spirit to the passions. This curiosity gradually leads us to entertain doubts respecting all noble objects; it extinguishes the sensibilities, and, as it were, murders the soul. The mysteries of the heart are like those of ancient Egypt; every profane person who strives to penetrate into their secrets, without being initiated into them by religion, as a just punishment for his audacity, is suddenly struck dead.”

When discussing, as a poet, the legitimate use that poetry may make of supernatural beings, M. C. is under the necessity of attributing, as all must, the superiority to those of the bible. We had rather decline allusion to the Deity, as the subject is too solemn, as well as too copious, for a slight mention, which is all we could allow it;—but we select, as instances of our author’s manner of thinking, his remarks on powers of a lower rank.

“The deities of polytheism, nearly equal in power, shared the same antipathies and the same affections. If they happened to be opposed to each other, it was only in the quarrels of mortals; they were soon reconciled when they met to drink nectar together.

“Christianity, on the contrary, by acquainting us with the real constitution of supernatural beings, has exhibited to us the empire of virtue eternally separated from that of vice. It has revealed to us spirits of darkness incessantly plotting the ruin of mankind, and spirits of light solely intent on the means of

saving our race. Hence arises an eternal conflict, whence a happy imagination may elicit numberless beauties.

"This sublime species of the marvellous furnishes a second of an inferior order, that is to say, *magic*. This last was known to the ancients, but under our religion it has acquired, as a poetic machine, higher importance and increased extent. Care must, however, be always taken to employ it with discretion, because it is not in a style sufficiently chaste; it is above all, deficient in grandeur; for, borrowing some portion of its power from human nature, men communicate to it somewhat of their own insignificance.

"A distinguishing feature in our supernatural beings, especially in the infernal powers, is the attribution of a character. We shall presently see what use Milton has made of the character of pride, assigned by christianity to the princes of darkness. The poet being, moreover, at liberty to allot a wicked spirit to each vice, may thus dispose of a host of infernal divinities: nay, he has then the genuine allegory, without having the insipidity which accompanies it, as these perverse spirits are in fact real beings, and such as our religion authorizes us to consider them.

But if the demons are equally numerous with the crimes of men, they may also be coupled with the tremendous incidents of nature. Whatever is criminal and irregular in the moral and in the physical world, is alike within their province. Care must only be taken when they are introduced in earthquakes and the gloomy recesses of an aged forest, to give these scenes a majestic character. The poet should, with exquisite taste, be able to make a distinction between the thunder of the Most High, and the empty noise raised by a perfidious spirit. Let not the lightnings be kindled but in the hands of God; let them never burst from the storm excited by the powers of hell. Let the latter be always sombre and ominous; let not its clouds be reddened by *wrath*, or propelled by the wind of *justice*; let them be pale and livid like those of *despair*, and be driven by the impure blasts of *hatred* alone. In these storms there should be felt a power mighty only in destruction; there should be found that incongruity, that confusion, that kind of malignant energy which has something disproportionate and gigantic, like the chaos whence it derives its origin."

The spirits of light may be allowed to contrast these spirits of darkness; and we know not for what reason M. C. has divided them by a chapter on *the Saints*.

"Among the Greeks, Heaven terminated at the summit of Mount Olympus, and their gods ascended no higher than the vapours of the earth. The *marvellous* of christianity, harmonizing with reason, astronomy, and the expansion of the soul, pe-

netrates from world to world, from universe to universe, by successions of space from which the astonished imagination recoils. In vain the telescopes explore every corner of the heavens; in vain they pursue the comet through our system; the comet at length flies beyond their reach: but it cannot elude the *archangel*, who causes it to revolve on its unknown pole, and who, at the appointed time, will bring it back by mysterious ways into the very focus of our sun.

“The christian poet alone is initiated into the secret of these wonders. From globes after globes, from suns after suns, with the *seraphim*, *thrones*, and *dominations* that govern the spheres, the weary imagination again descends to earth, like a river which, in a magnificent cascade, pours forth its golden current opposite to the sun setting in radiant majesty. You then pass from grand to soothing images; in the shady forest you traverse the domain of the *Angel of Solitude*; in the soft moonlight you find the *Genius of the melancholies of the heart*; you hear his sighs in the murmur of the woods and in the plaintive notes of Philomela. The roseate tints of the dawn are the streaming hair of the *Angel of Morning*. The *Angel of Night* reposes in the midst of the firmament like the moon slumbering upon a cloud; his eyes are covered with a bandage of stars, while his feet and his forehead are tinged with blushes of twilight and Aurora; an *Angel of Silence* goes before him, and he is followed by the *Angel of Mystery*. Let us not wrong the poets by thinking that they look upon the *Angel of the Seas*, the *Angel of Tempests*, the *Angel of Time*, and the *Angel of Death*, as spirits disagreeable to the Muses. It is the *Angel of Holy Love* that gives the virgin such a celestial look, and the *Angel of Harmony* who adorns her with graces; the honest man owes his heart to the *Angel of Virtue*, and his lips to the *Angel of Persuasion*. There is nothing to prevent our assigning to these beneficent spirits attributes to distinguish their powers and their functions: the *Angel of Friendship*, for instance, might wear a girdle infinitely more wonderful than the cestus of Venus: for here might be seen, interwoven by a divine hand, the consolations of the soul, sublime devotion, the secret aspirations of the heart, innocent joys, pure religion, the charm of the tombs, and immortal hope.”

We must now bring this article to a close; and perhaps we cannot do greater justice to the writer who has furnished the subject of it, than by quoting sentiments, which, though intended to apply particularly to the cause of the decline of taste, are of far more general application.

“In an enlightened age you will scarcely believe to what a degree good morals depend on good taste, and good taste on good morals. The works of Racine, gradually becoming more pure

in proportion as the author became more religious, at last concluded with his *Athaliah*. Take notice, on the contrary, how the impiety and the genius of Voltaire discover themselves at one and the same time in his productions, by a mixture of delightful and disagreeable subjects. Bad taste, when incorrigible, is a perversion of judgment, a natural bias in the ideas; now as the mind acts upon the heart, the ways of the latter can scarcely be upright when those of the former are not so. He who is fond of deformity at a time when a thousand master-pieces might apprise him of his error and rectify his taste, is not far from loving vice; and 'tis no wonder if he who is insensible to beauty should also be blind to virtue.

“Every writer who refuses to believe in a God, the author of the universe, and the judge of men, whose soul he has made immortal, in the first place excludes infinity from his works. He confines his intellect within a circle of clay, from which it has then no means of escaping. He sees nothing that is noble in nature; all her operations are, in his infatuated opinion, effected by impure means of corruption and regeneration. The vast abyss is but a little *bituminous* water; the mountains are small *protuberances* of *calcareous* or *vitrifiable* rock, and the heavens are but a petty vault, thrown over us for a moment by the capricious hand of Chance.”

Vast indeed, is that idea, which beginning in time includes eternity. Calculation is lost in measuring the existence and the happiness of the christian hereafter: but loss of calculation is one principle of sublimity. It is the undefined and undefinable something which fixes the mind's eye, yet eludes its examination. It is the immensity of the firmament, in which none supposes he can distinguish the ultimate distance, or mark that star which fixes the limits of etherial space. And should such an idea be entertained by the ignorant, let those who have enjoyed the advantage of instruments, which form the glory of modern science, with no faltering voice declare their conviction to the contrary. They have penetrated, as it were, further and further “into the Heaven of Heavens;” yet have ended their weary scrutiny with the feeling of their own imperfection, and of the incompetency of their powers to accomplish that which to attempt almost implies presumption. Such is the philosopher contemplating the celestial firmament; and such the christian contemplating the spiritual heaven.

A Sequel to the "Rejected Addresses;" or the Theatrum Poetarum Minorum. By another Author. 12mo.

It is a very rare occurrence when the continuation of a popular book rivals the book itself in merit. We wish that we were able to promise our readers the gratification which arises from that rarity on the present occasion: but the Sequel to the (fictitious) "Rejected Addresses" proceeds from a very inferior hand. The first supposed candidate for the prize is Mr. Campbell; and although he certainly would have afforded a good subject for imitation in the former *jeu d'esprit*, yet we cannot understand the wit of his being classed among the *Poeta Minores* of Great Britain, in the trifle before us. His marked peculiarities of manner (taking them as they are displayed in "Gertrude of Wyoming") are grossly burlesqued in a vapid vulgarity called "Molly of Bridges Street." For the excessive refinement and laboured polish of the original, we have the wiredrawn want of thought and careless composition of a copyist, whose humour is without strength, and whose coarseness is unredeemed by vivacity.

The "Farmer's Boy's Address," ascribed to Robert Bloomfield, has no other resemblance than that of frigid and unmeaning *verbiage*, to the model from which it is imitated: while "The philosophical discovery, and Plebeian Talent," by Capel Lofft, Esq. endeavours in vain to amuse the reader, by making the pretended and very respectable author ridiculous. Both attempts are equally unsuccessful. The nonsense supposed to be spoken by boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age would disgrace the gambols of a nursery.

"Drury-lane; a Poem in two parts, by Lord George Grenville," with a minute argument prefixed to each part, is written (we conclude) in mimicry of the poem of that noble author, entitled "Portugal," which we had hoped ere now to have duly reported. The style of the original has nothing sufficiently marked for imitation; and as to the sentiments of piety which occur in Lord George's composition, we cannot discern the good sense which laughs at them in the burlesque. It is a sure characteristic of this species of wittlings to smile when they should be serious:

"Gentle dulness ever loves a jest."

"Sympathetic Adventures, by Yorick's Ghost," although tedious on the whole, have really some merit in detached parts. Yorick breakfasting in bed, after his exertions on the preceding

night at the fire, and the landlady helping him to tea and toast, have much of the *particularized reality* of Sterne, and do not fail to suggest other points of resemblance.

“Drury and Comedy,” by L’Allegro, is below contempt. “A Spirited Address on Theatrical Reform,” by Sir Francis Burdett, has no similarity to the manner, and even caricatures the sentiments, of the baronet. “Orchestraic Melody,” allotted to Mr. Horace Twiss, might have been written by that gentleman, or any other gentleman, had it been more correct in language and versification :

“Avaunt fam’d Handel, Haydn, and Mozart !
Thy sounds hoarse rattling, like a drayman’s cart,” &c. &c.

“An Address for a Youthful Audience,” by Mrs. Barbauld, may possess some occasional likeness to the productions of that accomplished friend of juvenile readers : but, if it does, what merit is due to such success ? That judgment is sadly deficient which can so ill discern the proper objects of burlesque.

The “Burning,” by Miss Holford, lashes the irregularity of that lady’s measure with much justice, but entirely fails in transfusing her undoubted spirit. “The Battle of the Pit of Drura,” by Ossian’s Ghost, may be said to be nearly as good as the original, by those who entertain not very reverent ideas of the Gaelic Bard. “Sonnets on Theatrical Subjects,” by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, are tolerably successful : but the “Managing Brewers,” injuriously assigned to Mr. Hayley, is a perfect picture of St. Giles’s ;—and thus ends this doleful tragedy.

BIOGRAPHY
OF
CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

To speak feelingly, yet temperately, of the merits of those who have bravely fought and gloriously fallen in the service of their country, is one of the most difficult tasks of the biographer. Filled with admiration of their valour, and sorrow for their fate, we feel the impotency of our gratitude, in being able to reward such great sacrifices with nothing but empty applause. We are apt, therefore, to be hurried into a degree of eulogium, which, however sincere and acknowledged at the time, may be regarded as extravagant by the dispassionate eye of after years.

We feel more particularly this difficulty, in undertaking to give the memoirs of one, whose excellent qualities and gallant deeds are still vivid in our recollection, and whose untimely end has excited, in an extraordinary degree, the sympathies of his countrymen. Indeed, the popular career of this youthful hero has been so transient, yet dazzling, as almost to prevent sober investigation. Scarce had we ceased to rejoice in his victory, before we were called on to deplore his loss. He passed before the public eye like a star, just beaming on it for a moment, and falling in the midst of his brightness.

Captain James Lawrence was born on the 1st of October, 1781, at Burlington, in the state of New-Jersey. He was the youngest son of John Lawrence, Esq. an eminent counsellor at law of that place. Within a few weeks after his birth his mother died, and the charge of him devolved on his sisters, to whom he ever showed the warmest gratitude for the tender care they took of his infant years. He early evinced that excellence of heart by which he was characterized through life; he was a dutiful and affectionate child, mild in his disposition, and of the most gentle and engaging manners. He was scarce twelve years of age when he expressed a decided partiality for

162

161

163



Stuart pinx^t

Rollinson sc^{ul}

JAMES LAWRENCE ESQ^R

Late of the United States Navy.

Engrav'd for the Analectic Magazine

Entered according to Act of Congress

a seafaring life; but his father disapproving of it, and wishing him to prepare for the profession of the law, his strong sense of duty induced him to acquiesce. He went through the common branches of education, at a grammar school, at Burlington, with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his tutors. The pecuniary misfortunes of his father prevented his receiving a finished education, and between the age of thirteen and fourteen he commenced the study of the law with his brother, the late John Lawrence, Esq. who then resided at Woodbury. He remained for two years in this situation, vainly striving to accommodate himself to pursuits wholly repugnant to his taste and inclinations. The dry studies of statutes and reporters, the technical rubbish, and dull routine of a lawyer's office, were little calculated to please an imagination teeming with the adventures, the wonders, and variety of the seas. At length, his father being dead, and his strong predilection for the roving life of a sailor being increased by every attempt to curb it, his brother yielded to his solicitations, and placed him under the care of Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, to acquire the principles of navigation and naval tactics. He remained with him for three months, when, his intention of applying for a situation in the navy being generally known, several of the most distinguished gentlemen of the state interested themselves in his behalf, and wrote to the navy department. The succeeding mail brought him a midshipman's warrant; and between the age of sixteen and seventeen he entered the service of his country.

His first cruise was to the West Indies in the ship *Ganges*, commanded by Captain Thomas Tingey. In this and several subsequent cruises, no opportunity occurred to call forth particular services; but the attention and intelligence which he uniformly displayed in the discharge of his duties, the correctness of his deportment, and the suavity of his manners, gained him the approbation of his commanders, and rendered him a favourite with his associates and inferiors.

When the war was declared against Tripoli, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and appointed to the command of the schooner *Enterprise*. While in this command he volunteered his services

in the hazardous exploit of destroying the frigate *Philadelphia*, and accompanied Decatur as his first lieutenant. The brilliant success of that enterprise is well known; and for the gallantry and skill displayed on the occasion, Decatur was made post captain, while Lawrence, in common with the other officers and crew, were voted by congress two months' extra pay—a sordid and paltry reward, which he immediately declined.

The harbour of Tripoli appears to have been the school of our naval heroes. In tracing the histories of those who have lately distinguished themselves, we are always led to the coast of Barbary as the field of their first experience and young achievement. The concentration of our little navy at this point, soon after its formation, has had a happy effect upon its character and fortunes. The officers were most of them young in years, and young in arms, full of life, and spirits, and enthusiasm. Such is the time to form generous impressions and strong attachments. It was there they grew together in habits of mutual confidence and friendship; and to the noble emulation of so many young minds newly entering upon an adventurous profession, may be attributed that enterprising spirit and defiance of danger that has ever since distinguished our navy.

After continuing in the Mediterranean about three years and a half, Lawrence returned to the United States with Commodore Preble, and was again sent out on that station, as commander of Gun boat No. 6. in which he remained for sixteen months. Since that time he has acted as first lieutenant of the *Constitution*, and as commander of the *Vixen*, *Wasp*, *Argus* and *Hornet*. In 1808 he was married to a daughter of Mr. Montaudevert, a respectable merchant of New-York, to whom he made one of the kindest and most affectionate of husbands.

At the commencement of the present war he sailed in the *Hornet* sloop of war, as part of the squadron that cruised under Commodore Rodgers. While absent on this cruise Lieutenant Morris was promoted to the rank of post captain, for his bravery and skill as first lieutenant of the *Constitution* in her action with the *Guerriere*. This appointment, as it raised him two grades, and placed him over the heads of older officers, gave great offence to many of the navy, who could not brook that the regu-

lar rules of the service should be infringed. It was thought particularly unjust, as giving him rank above Lawrence, who had equally distinguished himself as first lieutenant of Decatur, in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia, and who, at present, was but master and commander.

On returning from his cruise Captain Lawrence, after consulting with Commodores Rodgers and Bainbridge, and with other experienced gentlemen of the navy, addressed a memorial to the senate, and a letter to the secretary of the navy, wherein, after the fullest acknowledgments of the great merits and services of Captain Morris, he remonstrated in the most temperate and respectful, but firm and manly language, on the impropriety of his promotion, as being contrary to the rules of naval precedence, and particularly hard as it respected himself. At the same time, he frankly mentioned that he should be compelled, however reluctant, to leave the service, if thus improperly outranked.

The reply of the secretary was singularly brief; barely observing, that if he thought proper to leave the service without a cause, there would still remain heroes and patriots to support the honour of the flag. There was a laconic severity in this reply calculated to cut a man of feeling to the heart, and which ought not to have been provoked by the fair and candid remonstrance of Lawrence.

Where men are fighting for honour rather than profit, the utmost delicacy should be observed towards their high-toned feelings. Those complaints which spring from wounded pride, and the jealousy of station, should never be regarded lightly. The best soldiers are ever most tenacious of their rank; for it cannot be expected that he who hazards every thing for distinction, will be careless of it after it is attained. Fortunately, Lawrence had again departed on a cruise before this letter arrived, which otherwise might have driven from the service one of our most meritorious officers.

This second cruise was in company with Commodore Bainbridge, who commanded the Constitution. While cruising off the Brazils they fell in with the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship of war, having on board a large amount of specie, and chased her into St. Salvadore. Notwithstanding that she was a larger vessel, and of a greater force in guns and

men than the *Hornet*, yet Captain Lawrence sent a challenge to her commander, Captain Green, pledging his honour that neither the *Constitution* nor any other American vessel should interfere. Commodore Bainbridge made a similar pledge on his own part; but the British commander declined the combat, alleging that though perfectly satisfied that the event of such a rencounter would be favourable to his ship; "yet he was equally convinced that Commodore Bainbridge could not swerve so much from the paramount duty he owed his country as to become an inactive spectator, and see a ship belonging to the very squadron under his orders, fall into the hands of the enemy."

To make him easy on this point, Commodore Bainbridge left the *Hornet* four days together off the harbour in which the *Bonne Citoyenne* laid, and from which she could discover that he was not within forty miles of it. He afterwards went into the harbour and remained there three days, where he might at any time have been detained twenty-four hours, at the request of Captain Green, if disposed to combat the *Hornet*. At length the *Constitution* went off altogether, leaving Lawrence to blockade the *Bonne Citoyenne*, which he did for nearly a month, Captain Green not thinking proper to risk an encounter. It is possible that having an important public trust in charge, and sailing under particular orders, he did not think himself authorized to depart from the purpose of his voyage, and risk his vessel in a contest for mere individual reputation. But if such were his reasons, he should have stated them when he refused to accept the challenge.

On the 24th of January Captain Lawrence was obliged to shift his cruising ground, by the arrival of the *Montagu* 74, which had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the *Bonne Citoyenne* and a British packet of 12 guns, which likewise lay at St. Salvadore. At length, on the morning of the 24th February, when cruising off Demarara, the *Hornet* fell in with the British brig *Peacock*, Captain Peake, a vessel of about equal force. The contest commenced within half pistol shot, and so tremendous was the fire of the Americans, that in less than fifteen minutes the enemy surrendered, and made

signal of distress, being in a sinking condition. Her mainmast shortly went by the board, and she was left such an absolute wreck, that, notwithstanding every exertion was made to keep her afloat until the prisoners could be removed, she sunk with thirteen of her crew, and three brave Americans tars, who thus nobly perished in relieving a conquered foe. The slaughter on board of the Peacock was very severe; among the slain was found the body of her commander, Captain Peake. He was twice wounded in the course of the action; the last wound proved fatal. His body was wrapped in the flag of his vessel, and laid in the cabin to sink with her, a shroud and sepulchre worthy so brave a sailor.

During the battle the British brig *L'Espeigle*, mounting 15 two and thirty pound carronades and two long nines, lay at anchor, about six miles in shore. Being apprehensive that she would beat out to the assistance of her consort, the utmost exertions were made to put the *Hornet* in a situation for action, and in about three hours she was in complete preparation, but the enemy did not think proper to make an attack.

The conduct of Lawrence towards his prisoners was such, as, we are proud to say, has uniformly characterized the officers of our navy. They have ever displayed the liberality and scrupulous delicacy of generous minds towards those whom the fortune of war has thrown in their power; and thus have won by their magnanimity those whom they have conquered by their valour. The officers of the Peacock were so affected by the treatment they received from Captain Lawrence, that on their arrival at New-York they made a grateful acknowledgment in the public papers. To use their own expressive phrase, "they ceased to consider themselves prisoners." Nor must we omit to mention a circumstance highly to the honour of the brave tars of the *Hornet*. Finding that the crew of the Peacock had lost all their clothing by the sudden sinking of the vessel, they made a subscription, and from their own wardrobes supplied each man with two shirts, and a blue jacket and trowsers. Such may rough sailors be made, when they have before them the example of high-minded men. They are beings of but little reflection, open to the impulse and excitement of the moment; and

it depends in a great measure upon their officers, whether, under a Lawrence, they shall ennoble themselves by generous actions, or, under a Cockburn, be hurried away into scenes of unpremeditated atrocity.

On returning to this country Captain Lawrence was received with great distinction and applause, and various public bodies conferred on him peculiar tokens of approbation. While absent the rank of post captain had been conferred on him, and shortly after his return he received a letter from the secretary of the navy, offering him the command of the frigate *Constitution*, provided neither Captains Porter or Evans applied for it, they being older officers. Captain Lawrence respectfully declined this conditional appointment, for satisfactory reasons which he stated to the secretary. He then received an unconditional appointment to that frigate, and directions to superintend the navy-yard at New-York in the absence of Capt. Ludlow. The next day, to his great surprise and chagrin, he received counter orders, with instructions to take command of the frigate *Chesapeake*, then lying at Boston, nearly ready for sea. This appointment was particularly disagreeable to him. He was prejudiced against the *Chesapeake*, both from her being considered the worst ship in our navy, and from having been in a manner disgraced in the affair with the *Leopard*. This last circumstance had acquired her the character of an unlucky ship—the worst of stigmas among sailors, who are devout believers in good and bad luck; and so detrimental was it to this vessel, that it has been found difficult to recruit crews for her.

The extreme repugnance that Capt. Lawrence felt to this appointment induced him to write to the secretary of the navy, requesting to be continued in the command of the *Hornet*. Besides, it was his wish to remain some short time in port, and enjoy a little repose in the bosom of his family: particularly as his wife was in that delicate situation that most calls forth the tenderness and solicitude of an affectionate husband. But though he wrote four letters successively to the secretary, he never received an answer, and was obliged reluctantly to acquiesce.

While laying in Boston roads, nearly ready for sea, the British frigate *Shannon* appeared off the harbour, and made signals

expressive of a challenge. The brave Lawrence immediately determined on accepting it, though conscious at the time of the great disparity between the two ships. The Shannon was a prime vessel, equipped in an extraordinary manner, for the express purpose of combating advantageously one of our largest frigates. She had an unusually numerous crew of picked men, thoroughly disciplined and well officered. She was commanded by Captain Broke, one of the bravest and ablest officers in the service, who fought merely for reputation.

On the other hand, the Chesapeake was an indifferent ship: with a crew, a great part of whom were newly recruited, and not brought into proper discipline. They were strangers to their commander, who had not had time to produce that perfect subordination, yet strong personal attachment, which he had the talent of creating wherever he commanded. His first lieutenant was sick on shore; the other officers, though meritorious, were young men; two of them mere acting lieutenants; most of them recently appointed to the ship, and unacquainted with the men. Those who are in the least informed in nautical affairs, must perceive the greatness of these disadvantages.

The most earnest endeavours were used, by Commodore Bainbridge and other gentlemen of nice honour and sound experience, to dissuade Captain Lawrence from what was considered a rash and unnecessary exposure. He felt and acknowledged the force of their reasons, but persisted in his determination. He was peculiarly situated: he had formerly challenged the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and should he decline a similar challenge, it might subject him to sneers and misrepresentations. Among the other unfortunate circumstances that attended this ill-starred battle, was the delay of a written challenge from Captain Broke, which did not arrive until after Captain Lawrence had sailed. It is stated to have been couched in the most frank and courteous language; minutely detailing the force of his ship: and offering, if the Chesapeake should not be completely prepared, to cruise off and on until such time as she made a specified signal of being ready for the conflict. It is to be deeply regretted that Captain Lawrence did not receive this gallant challenge, as it would have given him time to put his

ship in proper order, and spared him the necessity of hurrying out in his unprepared condition, to so formal and momentous an encounter.

After getting the ship under way, he called the crew together, and having ordered the white flag to be hoisted, bearing the motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," he, according to custom, made them a short harangue. While he was speaking several murmurs were heard, and strong symptoms of dissatisfaction appeared in the manners and countenances of the crew. After he had finished, a scoundrel Portuguese, who was boatswain's mate, and acted as spokesman to the murmurers, replied to Captain Lawrence in an insolent manner, complaining, among other things, that they had not been paid their prizemoney, which had been due for some time past.

The critical nature of the moment, and his ignorance of the dispositions and characters of his crew, would not allow Captain Lawrence to notice such dastardly and mutinous conduct in the manner it deserved. He dared not thwart the humours of men, over whose affections he had not had time to acquire any influence, and therefore ordered the purser to take them below and give them checks for their prizemoney, which was accordingly done.

We dwell on these particulars to show the disastrous and disheartening circumstances under which Captain Lawrence went forth to this battle—circumstances which shook even his calm and manly breast, and filled him with a despondency unusual to his nature. Justice to the memory of this invaluable officer, requires that the disadvantages under which he fought should be made public.*

It was on the morning of the first of June that the Chesapeake put to sea. The Shannon, on seeing her come out, bore away, and the other followed. At 4 P. M. the Chesapeake haled up and fired a gun; the Shannon then hove to. The vessels manœuvred in awful silence, until within pistol shot, when the Shannon opened her fire, and both vessels almost at the same moment poured forth tremendous broadsides. The execution in both ships was terrible, but the fire of the Shan-

* The particulars of this action are chiefly given from a conversation with one of the officers of the Chesapeake; and we believe may be relied on as authentic.

non was peculiarly fatal, not only making great slaughter among the men, but cutting down some of the most valuable officers. The very first shot killed Mr. White, sailing master of the Chesapeake, an excellent officer, whose loss at such a moment was disastrous in the extreme. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, received also a mortal wound in this broadside, and at the same moment Captain Lawrence was shot through the leg with a musket ball; he however supported himself on the companion-way, and continued to give his orders with his usual coolness. About three broadsides were exchanged, which, from the closeness of the ships, were dreadfully destructive. The Chesapeake had three men shot from her helm successively, each taking it as the other fell; this of course produced irregularity in the steering, and the consequence was, that her anchor caught in one of the Shannon's after ports. She was thus in a position where her guns could not be brought to bear upon the enemy, while the latter was enabled to fire raking shots from her foremost guns, which swept the upper decks of the Chesapeake, killing or wounding the greater portion of the men. A hand grenade was thrown on the quarter-deck, which set fire to some musket cartridges, but did no other damage.

In this state of carnage and exposure about twenty of the Shannon's men, seeing a favourable opportunity for boarding, without waiting for orders, jumped on the deck of the Chesapeake. Captain Lawrence had scarce time to call his boarders, when he received a second and mortal wound from a musket ball, which lodged in his intestines. Lieutenant Cox, who commanded the second division, rushed up at the call for the boarders, but came just in time to receive his falling commander. He was in the act of carrying him below, when Captain Broke, accompanied by his first lieutenant, and followed by his regular boarders, sprang on board the Chesapeake. The brave Lawrence saw the overwhelming danger; his last words, as he was borne bleeding from the deck, were, "don't surrender the ship!"

Samuel Livermore, Esq. of Boston, who from personal attachment to Captain Lawrence had accompanied him in this cruise as chaplain, attempted to revenge his fall. He shot at Captain Broke, but missed him: the latter made a cut at his head, which Livermore warded off, but in so doing received a severe wound

in the arm. The only officer that now remained on the upper deck was Lieutenant Ludlow, who was so entirely weakened and disabled by repeated wounds, received early in the action, as to be incapable of personal resistance. The comparatively small number of men, therefore, that survived on the upper decks, having no officer to head them, the British succeeded in securing complete possession, before those from below could get up. Lieutenant Budd, who had commanded the first division below, being informed of the danger, hastened up with some men, but was overpowered by superior numbers and cut down immediately. Great embarrassment took place, in consequence of the officers being unacquainted with the crew. In one instance in particular, Lieutenant Cox, on mounting the deck, joined a party of the enemy through mistake, and was made sensible of his error by their cutting at him with their sabres.

While this scene of havoc and confusion was going on above, Captain Lawrence who was laying in the wardroom in excruciating pain, hearing the firing cease, forgot the anguish of his wounds: having no officer near him, he ordered the surgeon to hasten on deck and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never to strike the colours; adding, "they shall wave while I live." The fate of the battle, however, was decided. Finding all further resistance vain, and a mere waste of life, Lieutenant Ludlow gave up the ship; after which he received a sabre wound in the head from one of the Shannon's crew, which fractured his skull and ultimately proved mortal. He was one of the most promising officers of his age in the service, highly esteemed for his professional talents, and beloved for the generous qualities that adorned his private character.

Thus terminated one of the most remarkable combats on naval record. From the peculiar accidents that attended it, the battle was short, desperate and bloody. So long as the cannonading continued, the Chesapeake is said to have clearly had the advantage; and had the ships not ran foul, it is probable she would have captured the Shannon. Though considerably damaged in her upper works, and pierced with some shot-holes in her hull, yet she had sustained no injury to affect her safety; whereas the Shannon had received several shots between wind

and water, and, consequently, could not have sustained the action long. The havoc on both sides was dreadful ; but to the singular circumstance of having every officer on the upper deck either killed or wounded, early in the action, may chiefly be attributed the loss of the Chesapeake.

There have been various vague complaints circulated of the excesses of the victors, and of their treatment of our crew after the surrender. These have been, as usual, dwelt on and magnified, and made subjects of national aspersion. Nothing can be more illiberal than this. Where the scene of conflict is tumultuous and sanguinary, and the struggle desperate, as in the boarding of a ship, excesses will take place among the men which it is impossible to prevent. They are the inevitable incidents of war, and should never be held up to provoke national abhorrence or retaliation. Indeed, they are so liable to be misrepresented by partial and distorted accounts, that very little faith is ever to be placed in them. Such, for instance, is the report, that the enemy discharged several muskets into the cockpit after the ship had been given up. This, in fact, was provoked by the wanton act of a boy below, who shot down the sentinel stationed at the gangway, and thus produced a momentary exasperation, and an alarm that our men were rising. It should be recollected, likewise, that our flag was not struck, but was haled down by the enemy ; consequently, the surrender of the ship was not immediately known throughout, and the struggle continued in various places, before the proper orders could be communicated. It is wearisome and disgusting to observe the war of slander kept up by the little minds of both countries, wherein every paltry misdeed of a paltry individual is insidiously trumpeted forth as a stigma on the respective nation. By these means are engendered lasting roots of bitterness, that give an implacable spirit to the actual hostility of the times, and will remain after the present strife shall have passed away. As the nations must inevitably, and at no very distant period, come once more together in the relations of amity and commerce, it is to be wished that as little private animosity may be encouraged as possible ; so that though we may contend for rights and interests, we may never cease to esteem and respect each other.

The two ships presented dismal spectacles after the battle.

Crowded with the wounded and the dying, they resembled floating hospitals sending forth groans at every roll. The brave Broke lay delirious from a wound in the head, which he is said to have received while endeavouring to prevent the slaughter of some of our men who had surrendered. In his rational intervals he always spoke in the highest terms of the courage and skill of Lawrence, and of "the gallant and masterly style" in which he brought the Chesapeake into action.

The wounds of Captain Lawrence rendered it impossible to remove him after the battle, and his cabin being very much shattered, he remained in the wardroom. Here he lay, attended by his own surgeon, and surrounded by his brave and suffering officers. He made no comment on the battle, nor indeed was heard to utter a word, except to make such simple requests as his necessities required. In this way he lingered through four days, in extreme bodily pain, and the silent melancholy of a proud and noble heart, and then expired. His body was wrapped in the colours of his ship and laid on the quarter-deck of the Chesapeake, to be conveyed to Halifax, for interment.

At the time of his death he was but thirty-two years of age, nearly sixteen of which had been honourably expended in the service of his country. He was a disciplinarian of the highest order, producing perfect obedience and subordination without severity. His men became zealously devoted to him, and ready to do through affection what severity would never have compelled. He was scrupulously correct in his principles, delicate in his sense of honour; and to his extreme jealousy of reputation he fell a victim, in daring an ill-matched encounter, which prudence would have justified him in declining. In battle, where his lofty and commanding person made him conspicuous, the calm collected courage, and elevated tranquillity, which he maintained in the midst of peril, imparted a confidence to every bosom. In the hour of victory he was moderate and unassuming; towards the vanquished he was gentle, generous and humane. But it is on the amiable qualities that adorned his private character, that his friends will hang with the fondest remembrance—that bland philanthropy that emanated from every look, that breathed forth in every accent, that gave a grace to every action. His was a

general benevolence, that, like a lambent flame, shed its cheering rays throughout the sphere of his influence, warming and gladdening every heart, and lighting up every countenance into smiles. But there is one little circle on whose sacred sorrows even the eye of sympathy dares not intrude. His brother being dead, he was the last male branch of a family, who looked up to him as its ornament and pride. His fraternal tenderness was the prop and consolation of two widowed sisters, and in him their helpless offspring found a father. He left, also, a wife and two young children to whom he was fervently attached. The critical situation of the former was one of those cares which preyed upon his mind at the time he went forth to battle. The utmost precautions have been taken by her relatives, to keep from her the knowledge of her husband's fate; their anxiety has been relieved by the birth of a son, who, we trust, will inherit the virtues, and emulate the actions of his father. The unfortunate mother is now slowly recovering from a long and dangerous confinement; but has yet to learn the heart-rending intelligence, that the infant in her arms is fatherless.

There is a touching pathos about the death of this estimable officer, that endears him more to us than if he had been successful. The prosperous conqueror is an object of admiration, but in some measure of envy: whatever gratitude we feel for his services, we are apt to think them repaid by the plaudits he enjoys. But he who falls a martyr to his country's cause excites the fulness of public sympathy. Envy cannot repine at laurels so dearly purchased, and gratitude feels that he is beyond the reach of its rewards. The last sad scene of his life hallows his memory; it remains sacred by misfortune, and honoured, not by the acclamations, but the tears of his countrymen. The idea of Lawrence, cut down in the prime of his days, stretched upon his deck, wrapped in the flag of his country—that flag which he had contributed to ennoble, and had died to defend—is a picture that will remain treasured up in the dearest recollections of every American. His will form one of those talismanic names which every nation preserves as watchwords for patriotism and valour.

Deeply, therefore, as every bosom must lament the fall of so gallant and amiable an officer, there are some reflections con-

soling to the pride of friendship, and which may sooth, though they cannot prevent, the bitter tear of affection. He fell before his flag was struck. His fall was the cause, not the consequence, of defeat. He fell covered with glory, in the flower of his days, in the perfection of mental and personal endowment, and the freshness of reputation; thus leaving in every mind the full and perfect image of a hero. However we may deplore the stroke of death, his visits are occasionally well timed for his victim: he sets a seal upon the fame of the illustrious, fixing it beyond the reach of accident or change. And where is the son of honour, panting for distinction, who would not rather, like Lawrence, be snatched away in the brightness of youth and glory, than dwindle down to what is termed a good old age, wear his reputation to the shreds, and leave behind him nothing but the remembrance of decrepitude and imbecility.

With feelings that swell our hearts do we notice the honours paid to the remains of the brave Lawrence at Halifax. When the ships arrived in port, a generous concern was expressed for his fate. The recollection of his humanity towards the crew of the Peacock was still fresh in every mind. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with appropriate ceremonials, and an affecting solemnity. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service that were in Halifax; and the naval officers crowded to yield the last sad honours to a man who was late their foe, but now their foe no longer. There is a sympathy between gallant souls that knows no distinction of clime or nation. They honour in each other what they feel proud of in themselves. The group that gathered round the grave of Lawrence presented a scene worthy of the heroic days of chivalry. It was a complete triumph of the nobler feelings over the savage passions of war. We know not where most to bestow our admiration—on the living, who showed such generous sensibility to departed virtue, or on the dead, in being worthy of such obsequies from such spirits. It is by deeds like these that we really feel ourselves subdued. The conflict of arms is ferocious, and triumph does but engender more deadly hostility; but the contest of magnanimity calls forth the better feelings, and the conquest is over the affections. We hope that in such a contest we may

never be outdone ; but that the present unhappy war may be continually softened and adorned by similar acts of courtesy and kindness on either part, thus sowing among present hostilities the quickening seeds of future friendship.

As to the event of this battle, deeply as we mourn the loss of so many valuable lives, we feel no further cause of lamentation. Brilliant as the victory undoubtedly was to the conquerors, our nation lost nothing of honour in the conflict. The ship was gallantly and bloodily defended to the last, and was lost, not through want of good conduct or determined bravery, but from the unavoidable chances of battle.* It was a victory "over which the conqueror mourned—so many suffered." We will not enter into any mechanical measurement of feet and inches, or any nice calculation of force ; whether she had a dozen men more or less, or were able to throw a few pounds more or less of ball, than her adversary, by way of accounting for her defeat ; we leave to nicer calculators to balance skill and courage against timber and old iron, and mete out victories by the square and the steelyard. The question of naval superiority, about which so much useless anxiety has been manifested of late, and which we fear will cause a vast deal of strife and ill blood before it is put to rest, was in our opinion settled long since, in the course of the five preceding battles. From a general examination of these battles, it appears clearly to us that, under equal circumstances of force and preparation, the nations are equal on the ocean ; and the result of any contest, between well-matched ships, would depend entirely on accident. This, without any charge of vanity, we may certainly claim : the British, in justice and candour, must admit as much, and it would be arrogant in us to insist on any thing more.

Our officers have hitherto been fighting under superior excitement to the British. They have been eager to establish a

* In this we speak of the loyal, and really American part of the crew. We have, it is true, been told of treacherous conduct among the murmurers, a number of whom, headed by the dastardly Portuguese boatswain's mate, are said to have deserted their commander at the moment of most need. As this matter will come under the scrutiny of the proper tribunal, we pass it over without further notice. If established, it will form another of the baleful disadvantages under which this battle was fought, and may serve to show the policy of admitting the leaven of foreign vagabonds among our own sound-hearted sailors.

name, and from their limited number, each has felt as if individually responsible for the reputation of the navy. Besides, the haughty superiority with which they have at various times been treated by the enemy, had stung the feelings of the officers, and even touched the rough pride of the common sailor. They have spared no pains, therefore, to prepare for contest with so formidable a foe, and have fought with the united advantages of discipline and enthusiasm.

An equal excitement is now felt by the British. Galled by our successes, they begin to find that we are an enemy that calls for all their skill and circumspection. They have therefore resorted to a strictness of discipline, and to excessive precautions and preparations that had been neglected in their navy, and which no other modern foe has been able to compel. Thus circumstanced, every future contest must be bloody and precarious. The question of superiority, if such an idle question is still kept up, will in all probability be shifting with the result of different battles, as either side has superior advantages, or superior good fortune.

For our part, we conceive that the great purpose of our navy is accomplished. It was not to be expected that with so inconsiderable a force, we should make any impression on British power, or materially affect British commerce. We fought, not to take their ships and plunder their wealth, but to pluck some of their laurels wherewith to grace our own brows. In this we have succeeded; and thus the great mischief that our little navy was capable of doing to Great Britain, in showing that her maritime power was vulnerable, has been effected, and is irretrievable.

The British may now swarm on our coasts—they may infest our rivers and our bays—they may destroy our ships—they may burn our docks and our ports—they may annihilate every gallant tar that fights beneath our flag—they may wreak every vengeance on our marine that their overwhelming force enables them to accomplish—and after all what have they effected? redeemed the pre-eminence of their flag? destroyed the naval power of this country?—no such thing. They must first obliterate from the tablets of our memories, that deep-traced recol-

lection, that we have repeatedly met them with equal force and conquered. In that inspiring idea, which is beyond the reach of mortal hand, exists the germ of future navies, future power, and future conquest. What is our navy?—a handful of frigates; let them be destroyed; our forests can produce hundreds such. Should our docks be laid in ruins, we can rebuild them—should our gallant band of tars be annihilated, thanks to the vigorous population of our country, we can furnish thousands and thousands of such—but so long as exists the moral certainty that we have within us the spirit, the abilities, and the means of attaining naval glory—so long the enemy, in wreaking their resentment on our present force, do but bite the stone which has been hurled at them—the hand that hurled it remains uninjured.

NOTICE

OF

MR. SCOTT'S EDITION OF DRYDEN.

I HAVE often reflected on the cruel injustice of recalling, from that oblivion to which time, and the tacit consent of mankind, had consigned them, those worthless productions of distinguished writers, whose poverty obliged them to prostitute their talents to the licentiousness of the times. Genius partakes largely of that inequality which we observe in all the powers of man; is sometimes weak, often capricious, and always at the mercy of outward circumstances. Add to this, that the fairest creations of fancy, and the noblest structures of human reason, too often fall into temporary oblivion, while innumerable wretched productions become the objects of strenuous admiration, and procure for their authors not only the most gratifying applauses, but the most substantial benefits.

It is, therefore, hardly to be wondered at, that the weakness of human nature should sometimes yield to the hope of temporary fame and reward, or to the pressure of poverty, and pay homage to the false taste of the times; or that indigent men of

genius should sometimes be found offering incense at the shrine of immorality. I would plead in their excuse, that, like all other men, they erred because their temptations were strong; and if I could find in their other works traits of generous feeling, or precepts of exalted morality, I would treat them as we do a valued friend—cherish their nobler qualities, and consign their faults and indiscretions to oblivion.

But it is the fashion of the times to outrage the sacred ashes of genius, and rake in the graves of departed writers of illustrious fame, for those worthless productions, which, in the hour of youthful indiscretion, or the effervescence of licentious fancy, or in the anguish of repining want, they wrote to ward off the pressure of the hour. Every thing which, on the bed of death, or in the period of sober reflection, they would have wished to destroy, is sought after with avidity by the booksellers, who employ some patient drudge to pore over the repositories of forsaken learning, and ransack the grub-street records of the times, to find some polluted relic, made precious by the illustrious name of its author.

Such, indeed, is the deplorable rage for publishing *new and complete editions*, in England, that it is now no uncommon thing to see, in the same volume of an author's works, the most sublime moral precepts clothed in all the chaste and beautiful drapery with which the purest, richest fancy could invest them, polluted by the near neighbourhood of the grossest immorality, flaring in the gayest colouring of the most prostituted imagination. In this manner vice and virtue become, as it were, confounded together in the mind, while the same great name which gives authority to virtuous precepts, furnishes at the same time a sanction to vitious indulgence. By this ill-sorted association, too, the book becomes signally unfavourable to the propagation of morality, inasmuch as every good precept is furnished with its antidote close at hand; and every nobler emotion is checked and withered by the interference of its unworthy associate.

These reflections have been recalled more forcibly to my mind by having lately looked over the beautiful and expensive edition of Dryden's works, collected under the inspection of Mr. Walter Scott. This edition consists of eighteen large volumes, and being the most complete, will of course supersede every other.

The name of Dryden has been associated with my earliest admiration of genius, and his best productions are familiar to my recollection. But though aware that he had written much that deserved the censure of mankind, yet the majority of his readers were ignorant of those pieces of low and gross licentiousness, which his poverty, and not, I trust, his will, prompted him to give to the world. The present editor has, however, with the most barbarous industry, the most active and persevering research, contrived to collect, and rescue from friendly oblivion, a mass of licentious ribaldry that richly merited eternal forgetfulness. The great name of Dryden had gradually, as it arose above the horizon, emerged from those grosser vapours that surrounded and obscured its lustre, and was advancing to meridian splendour; his immoral works were on the eve of being forgotten, by being no longer before the public eye; and there was reason to hope that at no distant period, nothing would have been known of him but what deserved to be remembered forever.

But, in an evil hour, the avarice of the bookseller, and the prying industry of his well-paid editor, have again brought to light all that the rational admirers of this great poet could wish that he had never written; and all that a sacred regard to the illustrious dead should have induced them to bury in his grave. Again have they thrown a cruel sunshine on his transgressions, and entwined deadly nightshade with the evergreen that overshadowed his tomb.

I never contemplate the life and character of Dryden without being struck with the awful and tremendous dangers that surround the man of genius, when assailed by poverty. To know that by prostituting his pen to the vices of the times, by indulging his fancy in licentious images, or by giving his reason to the support of error, he can ward off the hard hand of want, and place himself in temporary affluence, is to be possessed of a secret, dangerous to any human being, however strong may be his moral and religious principles. Comparative poverty, that is, the middle state between want and superfluity, may be favourable to the morals of mankind; but abject penury is certainly

not the school of virtue. The hungry and the naked indeed practise the virtues of temperance and fortitude, because they have no choice; but there is little merit in the endurance of inevitable evils. Dryden was almost all his life poor, and the example of his great cotemporary Milton, furnishes an immortal specimen of the rewards which were bestowed on the most sublime exertions of the noblest genius that perhaps the world ever knew. It is not in the nature of man to starve when he has the means of obtaining subsistence in his power; and that Dryden, under such circumstances, should have accommodated himself to the debauched taste of his patrons, however it may be a subject of regret, can scarcely be a matter of surprise.

It ought also to be remembered that Dryden lived at court, and in the most licentious age that England ever saw. On the restoration of Charles, the people of that country being freed from the sour domination of the Puritans, and the stern unrelaxed government of the Protector, seemed to have indulged in a kind of Saturnalia. In their haste to throw off the restraints under which they had so long laboured, they seem for a while to have divested themselves of those salutary decencies which are absolutely necessary to disguise the naked deformity of vice; and in their detestation of the long prayers, sour faces, severe decorum, and scriptural phrases of the Puritans, they apparently forgot that unblushing licentiousness is even more pernicious than hypocrisy. He who only *affects* to be virtuous, so long as he remains undetected, affords at least an *example* of virtue; while the avowed libertine is deprived even of that slender palliation.

The English writers, who, like other men, are extremely apt to lay their faults upon their neighbours, have placed this relaxation of religion and morality to the account of the long residence of Charles and his courtiers on the continent, and particularly in France. That the vagabondizing life of this merry monarch, and his followers, may have contributed to render them loose in their principles, and careless of preserving the decorums of life, I am willing to allow; for all must have observed the salutary restraint which a regular, stationary life imposes upon mankind; and what little security you can have for the good

conduct of a man who has no home. That the influence of the court of Charles had some agency in producing the sudden change of manners that immediately succeeded his restoration, is pretty certain; but I am by no means inclined to admit that this example alone produced the extraordinary change. This, however, is not the proper place to pursue the subject.

Whatever may have been the cause, it is acknowledged that the court of Charles II. was an exceedingly corrupt one, and this corruption of morals was followed by a corresponding corruption of literary taste. The enchanting simplicity of the old writers became a subject of ridicule, and what was worse, the same licentiousness that pervaded the manners and poisoned the morals, debauched the tastes of those who by their situations or their talents directed the general opinion. It is only necessary to refer to the comedies of that day, to be convinced of the general corruption of the public taste, and it is needless to point to any particular drama to prove the fact. The dramatic representations of any country are perhaps the best criterions by which to judge of the state of morals, and the degree of refinement to which it has attained. I speak principally with a reference to comedy, which, being a picture of real life, is for the most part drawn from an observance of those manners and habits, adopted by such as we are in the practice of intimately associating with, and is, consequently, a pretty correct representation of the general state of society. Add to this, that no author who writes for popularity, would ever be guilty of the preposterous folly of polluting the public ear with licentious ribaldry, unless tolerably well satisfied that it was attuned to such harmony. Tragedy, on the contrary, being dependent on those strong passions which are for the most part uniform in their operations, and founded on remote events, may be indeed admitted as a criterion of the public taste, though not of the public morals.

By the former criterion, then, independent of historical testimony, it distinctly appears, that at the period when Dryden first commenced author, and until his death, he, in addition to the temptation of occasional poverty, had to contend with the corrupt taste of the times. That he sometimes yielded to the united force of these assailants, will be a subject of lasting regret to

those who are accustomed to look upon him as the great master of legitimate English verse. It was Dryden who first caught that beautiful and perfect mode of versification, over which so many have since hung with enchanted ear; and it was he who gave the last blow to that barbarous style, which devested the noblest thoughts of their dignity, degraded the highest soarings of fancy, and fettered the muse with a load of meretricious ornaments, that destroyed the beautiful symmetry of her proportions, while it enfeebled the vigour of her flight.

Who, then, that lingers over the inspired pages of this man of poverty and temptation, will not find in his heart an excuse for his occasional wanderings from the genuine path of genius, whose steps ought always to lead to the temple of virtue? Who does not wish that the memorials of such departures should be forgotten, and the name of Dryden stand, as well an example of rectitude as a monument of illustrious genius? It is not meant that falsehood or disingenuousness should be resorted to, in order to disguise or gloss over the faults of celebrated men; or that those who were in reality worthless, should be held up to after times as models of spotless integrity. In writing the life of a man, his faults should appear with his virtues, or biography becomes worthless. But no attachment to truth, and no sense of justice to posterity, makes it necessary that those writings which are calculated to injure the morals of mankind should be preserved. On the contrary, is not the man who thus deliberately draws from obscurity, and obtrudes upon the public, those immoral effusions that pollute the mind with licentious precepts, and influence the imagination with glowing delineations of barefaced debauchery, equally culpable with their author?

This unhallowed industry of research is still more to be reprobated, when, as in the present instance, these indecent effusions had, by the general consent of the world, been consigned to forgetfulness. It is like opening the fountain of some polluted stream, and turning it again into its former channel, there to stagnate, and foster its unwholesome exhalations.

There can be but one motive to stimulate men thus to revive these obscene impurities, and that is the hope of gain. Such, indeed, is the avidity with which the English public hail the discovery, or revival of works that had fallen into oblivion,

because they were not worth preserving, that whoever can add to his edition of an old writer, a single worthless scrap, or paltry copy of verses, may boast in triumph of the superiority of his labours, and confidently challenge the reward of his very beneficial industry.

It is this sordid motive which has perpetuated the poison of many an immoral production, and quickened the interested labours of many a pains-taking editor; and to this, and not to any liberal desire to add to the fame of Dryden, it is owing that his name is thus shrouded in a cloud of immorality, and his sins brought to light with such unfeeling research. Certainly no true admirer of genius, or real lover of poetry, can be gratified with the quantity of offensive trash raked from obscurity and here presented to the public. It is only the gossiping curiosity of laborious idlers; the bedridden imagination of the worn out debauchee; or the black letter taste of the indefatigable book hunter, that can receive gratification from this delving among the ashes of the dead for topics of antiquated scandal, or specimens of obsolete profligacy.

In justice to the celebrated editor who is the object of these strictures, it is proper to observe, that in his preface he apologizes for the insertion of some of these exceptionable pieces, by declaring that he was not at liberty to omit them. Conscious, however, that this excuse is somewhat weak in the mouth of a free man, living in a free country, and acting as high sheriff of a county, he confidently observes that there is little danger that the broad and disgusting obscenity of Dryden will injure the *taste* of the present enlightened generation.

Perhaps it might be said, in reply to this, that though the public *taste* has of late been refined to a perception of the pure chivalrous heroism of Border Forays, to the noble exploits of Johnny Armstrong, and William of Deloraine, so as to be in no danger from the clumsy, inelegant, and stupid immorality of Dryden; yet the public *morals*, though fortified by the example of the above distinguished freebooters, may possibly sustain some little injury. At all events, it would seem that the same pure and gentle precept which enjoins upon us not to speak ill of the dead, should also restrain us from doing that which would in-

jure their memory. I would not lightly accuse Mr. Scott of being governed on this occasion by motives of interest; but where we see a wealthy poet contracting to furnish the booksellers with a certain quantity of good merchantable poetry, at a certain rate per line, we are forcibly reminded of a contract for so many feet of timber, or any other every day matter of bargain and sale, and cannot help suspecting that he loves money better than reputation.

It can certainly answer no one purpose of public utility, or gratify one rational admirer of Dryden, to remind us anew of those unworthy effusions of his genius, which, impelled by want, or perhaps irritated at the indifference of the world to his nobler productions, he sold to the booksellers, or to the managers of the Theatres. For my part, I sicken at such baneful industry of research, and sincerely lament that Mr. Scott should have employed his *valuable* time so little to the advantage of the public, or the reputation of the hapless Dryden. Equally unhappy in his life and posthumous fame—he was assailed while he lived by a tribe of worthless scribblers, by poverty, by party virulence, and by the example of a licentious age; and after his death was blessed with a pains-taking editor, who was careful that the consequences of these multiplied temptations should be recorded where they were certain never to be forgotten—among the rest of his imperishable works.

P.

SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

LETTERS FROM ATHENS; BY M. FAUVEL, VICE-CONSUL OF FRANCE AT THAT CITY, AND CORRESPONDENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

Athens, April 4, 1811.

SIR—I have had considerable diggings made in this city, and some foreigners have caused still greater excavations to be undertaken; we have been fortunate enough to make some interesting discoveries. Our search took place on the great road which leads from the Hippades gate to Acharnes, to the left, on going towards those suburbs, at about 130 fathoms from the gate just mentioned, and nearly 140 from the present gate. We there found some ancient burying grounds, about fifteen feet below the surface.

It may not, perhaps, be irrelevant to inform you, that the spot in which are the remains of the Hippades gate, is still called by the Greeks and Turks the Race-gate, because it is here that the diversion of foot-races is still performed. One circumstance worthy of notice is, that the competitors run naked, with only a simple piece of linen round the middle. There are three prizes, or, more properly speaking, two, as the third is nothing but an enormous radish, or carrot, which causes the gainer to be rewarded by the hootings of the populace. These roots are here two feet long, and about three inches in diameter.

You know that the moderns have their wrestlers, the same as the ancients had. These persons are naked, except a cloth round the loins, which is steeped in oil, with which the body is likewise rubbed. They also roll themselves in the sand, that they may take a firm hold of each other at the time of the contest. The prize is gained by him who throws his adversary.

I found, as I have told you, the ancient soil at fifteen feet below the surface; the tombs were close together. We saw several cippi of different forms, which were overturned, as well as sarcophagi of marble, and others of common stone; there were some tombs formed of fine tiles, three feet long, which had

belonged to grand buildings. On some of these were painted handsome ornaments, as was also the case with those marble tombs, the stones of which must have belonged to grand temples; a fact which it is difficult to make our architects comprehend, as they will not believe that the ancients painted their statutes and bas-reliefs. In these sarcophagi I generally found the skeleton lying on a thick bed of olive-leaves, in a burnt state: I also found in them several thin pieces of beaten gold, in the shape of serpents' tongues; and likewise blades of copper, on which was inscribed the name of the deceased. On the ends, or the small columns affixed to these tombs, were brief inscriptions, the letters of which were alternately black and red. There were also bas-reliefs, which were painted.

Many of these tombs contain only the ashes of burnt bones, or handsome urns, in which are likewise ashes. Amongst these I have frequently found the *obolus*, which has not been paid to Charon.

Respecting this pilot of the shades, I have a representation of him on a vase. He is painted in the act of pushing his bark ashore with a pole, which indicates that the infernal rivers were not very deep. He has no oars in his boat, which is exactly similar to the *Piades* employed at Constantinople for the conveyance of passengers at that port. This proves that the people of Asia have not changed their customs: hence I am convinced that the large boats of the Hellespont, which are towed along here, and which I have seen on the very parts where were formerly those of the divine Achilles, are still of the same shape as were those of the ancients; so that, if the son of Thetis could return to earth, he would think he was again beholding his fleet at the Sigeum.

But a circumstance more curious than old Charon is an *obolus* which I found fixed in the mouth of a skeleton, between the last tooth on the right side and the jaw; I retained it in this situation. Here is an incontestable proof that it was customary to put the coin in the mouth of the deceased; a practice still kept up in some villages of Bœotia, as I was informed by one of the inhabitants of those parts. I also found in one of these tombs a thin sheet of lead, about five inches long by three broad; it was folded in four folds the long way, and then doubled in half; it contained an inscription of ten lines, which proved to be an imprecation against one Cleophrades and his whole family. (This inscription has been translated by M. VISCONTI, and will be printed in some of the early Reports of the Proceedings of the Institute.)

The following is a description of a handsome vase which I

have found:—A winged Genius, in a car drawn by four white horses with wings, has arrived at an altar, on which is a tripod: he is using all his strength to restrain his coursers. Another Genius is flying before him, as if to check the horses and seize the tripod, the prize of the race. Another, richly dressed, follows the car, and appears to be watering, from a vase, a laurel, which has grown up in the path of the car.

I also found some superb urns about two feet high. On one is a figure of Ceres, sitting, the little Plutus at her feet, near a great fruit basket; by the side of the goddess is a Ceryx, with his caduceus, two Dadouchi, and a Bacchante. On the other side of the vase is a beautiful woman, dancing between two Fauns. On another part Mercury appears, bringing the little Bacchus to Silenus. An Ethiopian king is seen at table, served by winged genii, and by a kind of clownish master of the ceremonies. On another part are Isis and Serapis: Isis is lying in the lap of Serapis, and playing on the lyre: a youth is bringing fruits, dates, and a species of ananas: the place appears to be lighted by a candelabra; on one table are vases, crowns, and vine-leaves.

I am translating an inscription which I saw on a cippus, amongst the tombs, about fifteen feet below the surface. It alludes to a man of Megara, who saved a corps of Athenians in one of the wars. (It is in Greek verse, and will be printed in the Reports of the Third Class of the Institute.) I have likewise met with many other curious inscriptions.

LETTER II.

Athens, August 26, 1811.

SIR—I must apprise you, and request that you will make known the circumstance to the Third Class of the Institute, of a discovery of great importance to the arts, which has just been made in the Isle of Ægina. Four young artists and architects, two of whom, Baron Haller and M. Link, are Germans, having met together in this country, and being in pursuit of the same object, caused some excavations to be made at the foundation of the temple of the Panhellenian Jupiter; and they have found the statues which ornamented the front of this temple. These statues are of Parian marble, and they are as interesting on account of the subject they represent, as from their great antiquity and the beauty of their sculpture. It appears that this

temple was overthrown by an earthquake, and the statues falling first, were covered by the rest of the ruins: the lapse of time added heaps of vegetable strata to the rubbish, and the roots of large trees had shot amongst the buried architraves and cornices. Our young artists caused the whole to be brought to light, and they have found the statues, which have not been much injured by the fall. The limbs, which were broken from the trunks, were lying beside them, and they can be easily replaced. There are seventeen of these statues, all of the finest specimens of sculpture: the heads alone are a little degraded, but they are highly beautiful; scarcely any of the fragments are missing. These figures much resemble those which are seen on the most ancient medals of Corinth, Thebes, and Athens. They are of the old school of Ægina, one of the first which became distinguished in Greece.

I went to Ægina in order to profit by this discovery, which much interested me: I measured this ruined temple, so as to gain all the particulars of its plan. The pediments were five feet in height. Over each pediment were two statues of Isis, which were attached to the border; and at the four angles of the edifice were Sphinxes. These figures were exactly similar to those of the pretended tomb of Achilles, in the Troad; and from this circumstance I am inclined to think that the temple in question is not that of the Panhellenian Jupiter, but that it was dedicated to Isis. In the middle of each pediment was a statue of Pallas, armed with a lance and shield, and her breast covered with the ægis. She was standing in the midst of combatants, who surrounded her on every side, and she appears as if animating them by her looks. This figure of Minerva is of the most antique style, and of the kind which we improperly call Etruscan, with regular folds.

On each side were the combatants, all of which appear to be the heroes of the Iliad. The faces seem to have been portraits, and the bodies are scientifically correct. These warriors are covered with offensive and defensive weapons, such as were in use at the time of the Trojan war: they are shaped with great nicety, and consist of quivers, helmets of different sizes, lances, shields, &c. The figures are rather less than the natural size. We thought we could discover Priam with his sons, like a Phrygian archer, resting one knee on the ground and drawing an arrow. His dress appears to be of leather, and made to fit close to the body; pantaloons, likewise tight, which descend to the ankles; the helmet has over it a leather bonnet, which terminates in a point, and falls over behind: this is the only figure that is dressed. Another is taken for Philoctetes; it is in the same attitude as Paris, and is opposed to the one just described:

It is armed with a bow. The front of its helmet represents a lion's muzzle; perhaps the figure is meant as a friend of Hercules. He wears a cuirass of a single piece, which could only open on the left side, which leads to the opinion that it was thin and elastic. Hector, or another Trojan Prince, is overthrown; he has received a large wound in the breast; his hair twisted symmetrically on the forehead, and fastened by a kind of diadem, falls over his shoulders. One head with a small beard, and the casque thrown back, seems to be Ulysses. Of these figures, the archers alone are clothed; the others are of the heroic kind; that is to say, literally naked, and armed with casques and shields: some have also swords, others have lances and pikes.

On the western pediment is a young girl, such as Venus is represented on the most ancient silver medals of Corinth; she wears a large diadem, raised above the forehead, and which seems to imitate the roughness of metal. The head of a fine young man, who is supposed to be Achilles, has an elegant helmet raised over the top of the head, falling backwards, and ornamented with a large crest. Beneath the casque the hair appears twisted over the forehead, and fastened by a kind of diadem. Another figure appears in the attitude of a rower, and is rising from his seat that he may pull with greater force. This statue has no hair, except on the forehead. Amongst these ruins we found an eye of ivory, four inches long, and the ball of which was blank, which indicates that it belonged to a colossal statue.

In this same Isle of Ægina, towards the northwestern end, near a great oval tumulus, which I took for the tomb of Phocus, and about a quarter of an hour's walk northwards from the temple of Venus, is a square place regularly cut in the rock, sunk about fifteen feet, and at least a hundred fathoms in diameter; it seems to have been nothing but a mere quarry, from which stone has been taken for building. On this subject, however, there may be a difference of opinion. Near this spot are a number of cisterns cut in the rock, which is tolerably soft; there are also many large blocks of stone, regularly squared.

LETTER III.

Athens, December 19, 1811.

SIR—I have received your fine map of Greece. It is very neat and clear, and I dare say very exact. But why place Phygalia

at the temple of Apollo Epicurius, on Mount Cotylius? I assure you that Phygalia is at present Caritena. Pausanias has so well described it, the steep rock, on which was the citadel, which rises in the middle of the town, and the river Limax, which runs through a deep ravine, that one cannot mistake it. Besides, on Mount Cotylius there are no ruins of a town; and the neighbouring village, Andritzena, has nothing of the antique. Caritena, indeed, is six hours' journey from Mount Cotylius, which is three times the distance laid down by Pausanias: but Pausanias is sometimes in error.

I have already said that I do not believe the temple, around which the diggings have been made in the Isle of Ægina, to be that of Panhellenian Jupiter, and that it rather appears to have been dedicated to Isis. But I have now renounced this idea. I have since found, in the excavations that have been made at Athens, a vase, on which is represented a marriage, and whereon is a figure exactly similar to those which are on the border of the pediment of the temple of Ægina. The figure is that of Juno, in a bridal dress; so that this temple may have been that of the Panhellenian Jupiter, and not dedicated to Isis, as I at first supposed. All these figures serve to elucidate that which was found in the tomb of Achilles, and which has been so much metamorphosed by different writers. It is exactly the same as the one on my vase, and those which are on the border of the temple of Ægina: the same sex, the same attitude, and the same folds of drapery. Sphinxes were at the angles of the temple of Ægina, and Sphinxes are on the head and arms of the figure of the tomb of Achilles. Hence we know the great antiquity of this figure, and of that of the tomb in question; though many efforts have been made to diminish it. If the temple on the Isle of Ægina be that of Panhellenian Jupiter, I can say that I have seen the altar on which the Greeks vowed the destruction of Troy. I have observed, that I assisted at several of the excavations which were made near the Hippades Gate, at Athens: some others have since been made near the Gate Dipylon; and at the depth of twenty-five feet, some fine vases have been discovered, particularly several which appear to be of Phœnician manufacture. I have also dug behind the Museum, and afterwards all round the ancient walls; and the contiguity of the sepulchres which were discovered, leaves no doubt as to the ancient site of the town. I found a bas-relief, and many cippi, of different forms: the inscription on the bas-relief speaks of a man named Aristotle; but who, without doubt, is not the philosopher of Stagira.

INTRIGUES OF LADY HAMILTON AT THE COURT OF NAPLES.

THIS lady, being the wife of the late Sir Wm. Hamilton, our ambassador at Naples, thinking her services, as a *privileged spy*, neglected while she resided at that court, has published her case, by way of shaming those who have reduced her to the necessity of taking this unpleasant step. Her ladyship details the services she performed at very great length. Very soon after her arrival at Naples, having a letter from the Queen of France to the Queen of Naples, she ingratiated herself so much, that she says she prevailed on her to take a private letter from the king's pocket unseen, which contained the King of Spain's resolution to withdraw from the coalition, a copy of which she immediately despatched to Lord Grenville.

Her ladyship makes no scruple in avowing that it was through her influence that the court of Naples repeatedly violated its treaties with France; and at length, when exposed to its vengeance, she persuaded them to emigrate to Sicily. "An army of Neapolitans," she tells us, "of 35,000 men, was raised nearly in a month; they marched, under Gen. Mack, the king himself in the ranks, on the 21st of Nov. against a scattered and inferior French force; yet so rapidly was this army destroyed, as to oblige our embarkation at Naples by that day month. The point of policy with the court was then, 'Whether they should put themselves entirely under the French, or fly to Sicily under our protection?' The many difficulties of getting away, and the uncertainty how a flying court would be received there, were strong inducements to abide all consequences at Naples; I urged and pleaded the necessity and safety of their coming away; the queen was almost always with me, and as the French advanced, I placed the horror of their approach full before her eyes; and at length prevailed in deciding this important measure, for the king was soon brought over to our side. The difficulties were yet many, and of the most dangerous complexion; the growth of French principles, and rapid march of their army upon the capital, made it too hazardous to trust the Neapolitans with the plan of getting away the royal family, the court, and treasures! I, however, began the work myself, and gradually removed all the jewels, and then 36 barrels of gold, to our house; these I marked as stores for Nelson, being obliged to use every device to prevent the attendants having any idea of our proceedings. By many such stratagems, I got those treasures embarked; and this point gained, the king's resolution of coming off was strengthened: the queen I was sure of. The immortal Nelson testifies that all this would never have been

effected, but for my management and exertions. In his letter to Lord St. Vincent, or Lord Spencer, he says, on this occasion, 'Lady Hamilton seemed to be an angel dropped from heaven for the preservation of the royal family.' To show the caution and secrecy that was necessarily used in thus getting away, I had, on the night of our embarkation, to attend the party given by the Kilem Effendi, who was sent by the Grand Seignior to Naples, to present Nelson with the Shablank, or plume of triumph! I had to steal from the party, leaving our carriages and equipage waiting at his house, and in about fifteen minutes to be at my post, where it was my task to conduct the royal family through the subterraneous passage to Nelson's boats, that moment waiting for us on the shore! The season for this voyage was extremely hazardous, and our miraculous preservation is recorded by the admiral upon our arrival at Palermo."

From the Empress of Germany, daughter to the Queen of Naples, her ladyship states, she refused the acceptance of a thousand pounds per annum, trusting she would be liberally provided for by her own country, for which, in losses and moneys expended, she asserts she is deficient in 20,000*l*. Through her ladyship's influence over Nelson, she asserts, she prevailed on him to fight the battle of Trafalgar, and to go to the attack of Copenhagen in 1801. And in one of her vulgarisms she says, Nelson would *ever keep telling him*, Sir Wm. Hamilton, "that the battle of the Nile was Emma's, and not his." Her ladyship appeals to the living testimony of Sir Walter Farquhar and Messrs. Canning and Rose, whether she had not Mr. Pitt's solemn, unequivocal pledge of honour, that suitable provision should be made for her; particularly to Sir Walter, to whom that great statesman, on his dying bed, confirmed those promises he had made to Lord Nelson in her behalf, with his dying request that they might be fulfilled by his successors. Sir William also before his death, she says, had the same unalterable faith in the justice of his country which she had, so that in proportion, his provision for her was lessened. "In that expectation being liberally realized," she observes, "I can have nothing but implicit confidence, as our august prince was well acquainted with it by Lord Nelson himself, and fully coincided in its justice. It may be here expected of me to state why the codicil to Lord Nelson's will, bequeathing my services to the justice of the country, was not produced with the will itself. When Capt. Blackwood brought it home, he gave it to the present Earl Nelson, who, with his wife and family, were then with me, and had indeed been living with me many months. To their son I was a mother; and their daughter, Lady Charlotte, had been exclusively under my care for six years. The earl, afraid I should

be provided for in the sum that parliament was expected to grant to uphold the hero's name and family, kept the codicil in his pocket until the day 200,000*l.* was voted for that purpose; *on that day* he dined with me in Clarges-street: hearing at table what was done, he took the *codicil out*, threw it to me, and said, with a very coarse expression, 'that I might now do as I pleased with it:' I had it registered the next day at Doctors' Commons, where it rests for the national redemption."

Lady Hamilton mentions the laudable zeal of Commodore Trowbridge to obtain provisions from Sicily, when the British fleet was bound to Egypt; but she does not mention the horrible treatment of the Neapolitan patriots in 1799, the violation of the treaty made with them, nor the *sang froid* which dictated the answer of Lord Nelson to their moving address, presented from their floating dungeons in the bay of Naples. "I have," said Lord Nelson, "shown your paper to your gracious king, the best and only judge of the merits and demerits of his subjects:" as if the King of Naples could be the only judge of a treaty by which the faith of four nations was pledged to see it fulfilled; but against the faith of this treaty, fifteen hundred patriots were detained till they were reduced, by death, to five hundred, who, stripped of all their property, were permitted to go to France.

The author of the History of Geo. III. treating of this transaction, says, "All the dungeons of the forts being filled with prisoners, floating prisons were formed of old dismasted vessels. Around the British admiral's ship, on board of which was the King of Naples, the sea was covered with those watery bastiles, where the unhappy prisoners were so closely stowed, that they seemed to form one immoveable mass. Without shelter, and almost without food or clothing, they stood exposed to the burning rays of a meridian and solstitial sun, suffering in silence the brutal insults of the Calabrian ruffians, placed over them as guards; the king himself, from the deck of the admiral's ship, not unfrequently satiated his royal vengeance with gazing on this dreadful display of human misery."

But, speaking of Lady Hamilton, the historian says, "What still more, perhaps, affected the feelings of these unfortunate victims, was the extraordinary spectacle of the British ambassadress, gallantly attended, like another Cleopatra, rowed along the bay in nautical magnificence before these floating tombs, which contained all that Naples could boast of science, of patriotism, and of virtue."

When Rome, in the course of a few months after, was surrendered by the French to the Russians and the British, many Neapolitan patriots being there, Commodore Trowbridge took

an anxious interest in their departure from Civitta Vecchia ; and, on their being unavoidably forced back to that place, inflexible in his humanity, he again enabled the vessel to put to sea, and the proscribed fugitives were at length happily landed at Toulon. Like the French General Garnier, who positively refused to deliver up these patriots demanded by the court of Naples, he scorned to become the executioner of the vengeance of the queen, or her advisers ; and thus the honour of the British name was vindicated, and Commodore Trowbridge, who was charged with blocking up the port of Civitta Vecchia, during the seige of Rome, was repaid by those grateful tears of admiration which are shed over noble deeds.

ON THE AUTHOR OF GIL BLAS.

OF some of the most interesting authors in whose domestic life and character we should take the most lively interest, our biography is lamentably deficient. Of Cervantes and of Butler, the accounts are meager ; and of Le Sage, the most popular of all writers, we can discover no express biography. Some things have been, however, recorded occasionally of the latter,* in regard to his literary character, as well as to his domestic habits. I have found among my collections many things concerning Le Sage, which are not generally known.

Of the author of the immortal *Gil Blas*, that elementary book of fictitious history, which first initiates us into the secret windings of the human character, and whose scenes and actors are, by their truth of design and chaste colouring, still the delight of mature age, the domestic life seems little known. It appears, however, to have been a very active one ; he lived by his pen, and his fertile imagination was continually adding to the most agreeable works of the age. He composed for the French comic theatres, sometimes with a coadjutor, near ninety pieces ; most of them are those comic operas which sometimes do not exceed a single act. All these were successful, and some the most popular favourites. His natural humour seized on temporary or on fanciful subjects with singular facility. He has erected a new feature in these minor dramas, by employing the fairy machinery as a frame work for the Eastern fables which delighted his audience. The truth is, that Petit de la Croix, the orientalist, who translated what we call the Persian and Turkish

* To an edition of *Gil Blas*, published by Sharpe, in 1809, is prefixed some account of the life and writings of Le Sage, written, as the initials indicate, by Mr. Stephen Jones.—EDIT.

Tales, was a modest scholar, who doubted his own talent for popular composition, and, in consequence, intrusted his translations to the charming pen of LE SAGE. Our author valued the treasures confided to him by his friend, and exhibited all these tales at the Opera Comique in a dramatic form; and they produced the finest effects from their novelty and the graces of the poet's imagination. The nine volumes of the *Theatre de la Foire*, in fact, exhibit the Persian tales in a new form to us. Our author also adapted to the taste of his nation some of the best Spanish and Italian works of fancy. His genius does not seem to incline towards invention; even his greater work originates in a Spanish original; but the attic simplicity of his style, the vivacity of his ideas, and the felicity of adapting himself to his prototypes, rather than his prototypes to him, remain without an imitator—so well has he imitated! So true was he to nature, and to character, in all his novels, that of one of them, not known to the English public, the Adventures of the Chevalier de Beauchene, a French critic observes, he has left the matter doubtful whether they were not drawn from the memoirs furnished to him by the widow; with such correctness has he preserved the costume, and so forcibly delineated the character of this adventurer: like the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, it is now difficult to decide whether it partakes more of fiction than of fact. The Chevalier de Beauchene was a bucanier.

The author of "Calamities of Authors" has confined his views to his own country: but he might have produced a more entertaining variety had he extended them to foreign authors. He has written a useful work, and his materials offer the youthful adventurer instructive lessons, and discriminations in the literary character, which will be best felt by those who are most deeply concerned in them. Should this writer extend his researches to foreign authors, he will have to record in his book the name of LE SAGE, the most industrious and the finest genius of France.

It is melancholy to think that an author so fertile and so charming as LE SAGE, was one of "the martyrs of genius;" and having lived to his eightieth year, exhibited not only the awful spectacle of a singular decay of his faculties, but solely existed by the care and filial charity of one of his sons. His genius was not recompensed by any other wealth than its native treasures; and had he not enjoyed one of the most affectionate of families, the author of Gil Blas, he to whom the public were indebted for their multiplied enjoyments for half a century, might have pined away in his helplessness in a garret, or perished in a work-house!

Le Sage was happy in his own house; a scene not common

in the chronicles of literature, as the author I have referred to might be inclined, I fear, to show us by a dash of his sombre pencil. Le Sage had three sons and a daughter. His wife watched all his simple wants, and the rest of her time was devoted to the education of her children. A good mother must be singularly unfortunate if she does not rear an affectionate offspring. Le Sage rarely quitted home, and never returned to it but with delight. The happiness of our author's life seemed, however, to be interrupted by one of the sons, who most loved him. Le Sage designed his eldest son for the bar; but his genius, doubtless, insensibly bent by the father's perpetual dramatic studies, had fixed its choice in the theatre, and, to the grief of the father, adopted the profession of an actor. He concealed his name, but appeared on the stage, and soon ranked among the first class of the histrionic troop. His father could never patiently listen to the applause he was daily acquiring, nor even to that moral character and decent habits the son preserved, though on the stage. Did Le Sage conceive that a vast space in the road of honour separates the man of genius who composes for the theatre from the man of genius who treads on its boards? Genius dignifies any profession—but Le Sage was a father! and he wished a counsellor at the bar, and not an actor in a provincial theatre, for the inheritor of his name.

The example of his eldest son was, indeed, dangerous, for unintentionally, it had seduced the third, who followed the same profession without any genius for it: he had the prudence to conceal his disgrace under an assumed name. But if example influences our conduct, it serves sometimes to correct it; and the second son devoted himself to the church. He became a canon in Boulogne, with all the virtues of his profession. The daughter of Le Sage united with the canon to console the father for the volatile conduct of the brothers.

When our author felt his genius on its decline, after his "Bachelor of Salamanca," and the translation of D'Avellanada's Quixote, he became reconciled with his elder son, who, indeed, except in his irresistible impulse for the stage, was ever most affectionate and attentive to his filial duties. When the father had retired to Boulogne to live with the canon, the actor visited his family—and could never afterwards quit them. His most intimate friend was his father—the society he most loved were his mother and his sister—and Le Sage himself was now only happy when by his side. When the son was at the theatre, the father would go to the coffee-house; there a circle was instantly formed about the author of *Gil Blas* and the *Diable Boiteux*; and fortunate was the man who could get a place near him; some would stand on chairs or tables to listen to him; and the old

man still preserved a sonorous voice, luminous ideas, and a delightful style. He excited, says one, who was a frequent auditor of Le Sage's at the coffee-house, the same attention, and often the same warmth of applause, which his son was receiving at the theatre. This son, who had at first occasioned him some sorrow from his theatrical attachments, became now the most lively source of the happiness of his old age; but Le Sage was doomed to pay that severe penalty of extended age, in seeing himself outlive his dearest connexions. This son died suddenly, and Le Sage became inconsolable. The true life of his old age, the vivacity of his genius, he had indulged with the versatile talents of his son the actor, whose comic excellence was unrivalled in the characters of peasants and valets, and infinitely more congenial to the temper of Le Sage than the graver dispositions of the good canon. Our author now quitted the coffee-house, and, confining himself to the domestic circle, gradually sunk into a most miserable state of extreme debility. He died in 1747, on the verge of his eightieth year.

Of his last days, the following account is extremely interesting, and is given in a letter by the Count de Tressan to a friend :

“ You request me to give some account of the last days of the celebrated author of Gil Blas.

“ In 1745, I was the commandant in Boulogne. Having learnt that M. Le Sage, aged about eighty years, and his wife, nearly of the same age, inhabited this town, I hastened to see him, and to discover their present state. I found that they lodged at their son's, a canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne. Never was filial piety occupied with more love to watch and to charm the last days of a father and a mother, who had scarcely any other resource than the very moderate income of this son.

“ The Abbe Le Sage enjoyed at Boulogne the highest regard. His talents and his virtues endeared him to all. I never saw a more striking resemblance than that of this Abbe with his brother the Sieur Montmenil, (the comic actor.) He was even endowed with a portion of his talents and his graces; no one read verses with more effect; he possessed that rare art of modulating his tones, of making short pauses, which, without being actually declamation, impress on the auditor the feeling and the beauties which characterize a work.

“ I lamented the loss of him, for I had known the Sieur Montmenil, and felt both esteem and friendship for his brother; and the late queen, on my having represented to her the situation and the little fortune he enjoyed, granted him a pension.

“ I had been warned not to visit M. Le Sage till about noon; and this old man gave me an opportunity, for the second time,

to observe the effect that the actual state of the atmosphere can produce on our nerves in the sad days of the decay of life.

“When M. Le Sage awoke in the morning, as soon as the sun appeared some degrees above the horizon, he seemed re-animated, and collected feeling and strength as it approached the meridian; but when it commenced its decline, the sensibility of this old man, the light of his mind, and the activity of his senses, as gradually diminished; as soon as the sun sunk under the horizon, M. Le Sage fell into a kind of lethargy, which they did not attempt to disturb.

“I was careful not to visit him but at that time when his intellects were most clear, and which was about an hour after dinner; and I could not without a feeling of compassion behold this most esteemed old man, who still preserved his gayety, the urbanity of his early years, and sometimes even betrayed the imagination of the *Diabole Boiteux* and *Turcaret*: but one day, going later than usual, I was grieved to see that the conversation began to resemble the last homily of the Archbishop of Granada, and I retired!

“M. Le Sage had become very deaf. I always found him seated by a table, on which lay his great ear-trumpet. This trumpet, sometimes grasped by his hand with vivacity, remained immovable on the table when the kind of visit he received gave him no hope of agreeable conversation; as commandant of the province, I had the pleasure to observe him always use it with me; and this served as a first lesson to prepare myself for the petulant activity of the ear-trumpet of my dear and illustrious friend, M. de la Condamine.

“M. Le Sage died in the winter of 1747. I attended his burial, with the principal officers under my orders. His widow survived him only a short time; and the Abbe Le Sage was regretted a few years afterwards by his chapter and the enlightened society which he adorned by his virtues.

“LE COMTE DE TRESSAN.

“*At Paris, Jan. 20, 1783.*”

JOURNEY TO THE GLACIERS OF LAPLAND.

THERE has been lately published at Stockholm an interesting account of a journey undertaken in 1807, by M. Valenberg, under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences of Sweden, for the purpose of determining the height of the mountains of Lapland, and observing their temperature. The mountains visited by M. Valenberg, make a part of the great chain which runs

through Sweden and Norway, and stretches in some of its branches, even to Finland and Russia. They are situated between sixty-seven and six-eight degrees north latitude, and belong to the polar regions. On several points their bases are washed by the sea, and, from their summits, the immense plain of the Northern Ocean is discoverable. These mountains had been only hitherto viewed in all their majestic grandeur by the Lapland nomade, following his flocks of deer and his game. A few travellers had contemplated them at a distance; and M. de Bruck, a learned German, during his travels in Norway, approached within a short space of them; but no person had ever yet penetrated into this asylum of nature, and attempted to struggle with the difficulties of ascending these summits, eternally covered with snow and ice.

The undertaking was difficult in many respects. The ascents were mostly excessively steep, and in climbing them, the traveller was by turns suspended over deep fissures, lakes, torrents, bottomless marshes, and gulfs. He had no intelligent guide, there was no habitation on his route, and no assistance to be expected. He frequently was obliged to make circuits of many leagues to reach a summit; and he crossed not only snow and ice full of crevices, but also marshes, where he ran a continual risk of being buried in the mud and stagnant water. He passed the nights on naked rocks, without a tent or the smallest shelter: and he was frequently reduced to quench his devouring thirst by swallowing snow, which occasioned him inflammations and painful suppurations in the mouth.

M. de Valenberg's measurements give the Lapland mountains an elevation of from five to six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Although this elevation is less than that of the mountains of Switzerland and the Pyrenees, all the phenomena of the Alpine regions, and particularly glaciers, are observable. At such a proximity to the polar circle, the region of eternal snow commences at nearly four thousand feet above the ocean, while in the Alps it begins at from seven to eight thousand, and in the Pyrenees at eight thousand feet.

On the 14th of July, M. de Valenberg ascended the most considerable glacier, called *Sulitelma*, a Lapland word, which signifies Solemn Mountain, because formerly the Laplanders adored on one of its summits their principal idol. This mountain, which is the Mount Blanc of the North, is composed of a succession of summits, of which the base has an extent of several leagues. Its greatest elevation is five thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. To reach this elevation, our traveller was obliged to make his way over enormous crevices, where recently before some hunters had been engulfed with

their deer and their dogs. Seas of ice have descended into the valleys seven hundred feet below the line of snow. There is a border of earth surrounds the ice, consisting of slime and stones. The ice of Sulitelma is very clear, and almost transparent; it is as hard as stone, but not so heavy as the ice of the sea. The traveller gives several details respecting its internal composition, the figures by which it is characterized, and the crevices formed on it. The snow is sometimes one hundred feet in depth, and so hard that the footsteps leave no mark on it. That which is detached from the summits, or crevices, roll to immense distances. Fortunately, these avalanches, in their descent, act only on inanimate nature; whatever direction they take, they seldom encounter living beings, or the abodes of men. All is desert in these regions for vast extents, where industry has gained no conquest over the solitary domain of the primitive creation.

The traveller terminates his account by general considerations on the temperature, and by tables of meteorological observations. He determines with precision the different regions of the mountains, and characterizes them by the productions which he found there. In proportion as the line of snow is approached, the productive force of nature diminishes, and men, brute animals, and plants, yield to the rigour of the cold. At two thousand six hundred feet below the line, the pines disappear as well as the cattle and habitations. At two thousand feet the only tree is the birch; and its degraded form and indigent verdure attest the inclemency of the climate; at the same time the greatest number of wild animals disappear, and the lakes contain no fish. At eight hundred feet below the same line of snow, the Laplander's progress is stopped for want of moss for his rein-deer. Above the line, every thing presents the picture of agony and death. The most robust lichens are only to be found at one thousand and two thousand feet, in the crevices of perpendicular rocks; and the bird named *emboriza nivalis*, or snow-bird, is the only living creature to be seen. The heat does not rise to one degree of Reaumur, in the region which is five thousand feet above the sea.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT THE CARACCAS.*

[From the Philosophical Magazine for March, 1813.]

THE earthquake which took place last year at the Caraccas, and laid waste the fine city of that name, besides a great many others in this rich and extensive province, has been but superficially described in the newspapers in which I have seen it mentioned. The extraordinary convulsion has not (December, 1812) as yet ceased; it has already caused, and may still occasion, so many calamities, that it deserves to be more particularly laid before the public.

On the 26th of March, 1812, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the first commotion took place. The air was calm, the heat excessive: nothing preceded or announced such a catastrophe. A shaking was first perceived, strong enough to set the bells of the churches a ringing: it lasted about six seconds, and was followed by an interval of ten or twelve seconds, during which the earth exhibited an undulation similar to the motion of the sea in a calm: the crisis was then supposed to have passed; but immediately extraordinary subterraneous noises were heard, and electrical discharges infinitely stronger than atmospheric thunder; the earth was agitated with a quickness which cannot be described, and seemed to boil like water when subjected to the heat of a very strong fire; there was then a perpendicular rumbling or *strepitus* for about three or four seconds, followed by agitations in an opposite direction from north to south, and from east to west, for three or four seconds also. This short but awful period was sufficient to turn the whole city of Caraccas topsy-turvy, with upwards of thirty towns, and the country houses and numerous establishments spread over the surface of that delightful province! In an instant all was destroyed to an extent of 300 miles, and 80,000 inhabitants ceased to live, while thousands were dreadfully wounded.

The city of Caraccas, placed at the foot of the declivity of the highest mountain, called La Silla, and on the margin of an immense plain through which several rivers flowed, was considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and always enjoyed a cool and agreeable temperature. The 26th of March (being Good Friday) had attracted all the inhabitants to the

* This interesting narrative is the production of a French gentleman, who has resided many years at the Caraccas, and was an eye-witness to the scenes which he describes. He was taken prisoner, on his return to France, on board the American ship *Dolphin*, by Capt. Malcolm of the *Rhin* frigate. To the latter gentleman our readers are indebted for the publication of the narrative.—EDIT.

churches of the city which were destroyed; thus serving for their tombs: the churches of La Trinidad and Alta Gracia, which were in the more immediate vicinity of the mountain, experienced more forcibly the effects of the extraordinary commotion; for although originally upwards of 150 feet high, no part of their ruins exceeded five or six feet in height; and some idea may be formed of the violence of the shock which overturned these stupendous edifices, when it is recollected that they were supported by columns and pilasters exceeding thirty or forty feet in circumference, and of which scarcely a vestige remained.

A superb range of barracks, two stories high, capable of containing 4,000 men, and serving as a depot for the artillery, shared the same ruin: a regiment of the line, in the act of marching to join in a religious procession, was almost wholly swallowed up; a few men only being left alive.

It is impossible to paint the terror and desolation which this catastrophe occasioned: disorder, confusion, despair, misery, and fanaticism, were at their height. At first every person fled as well as they were able, prostrating themselves to supplicate heaven for mercy; in this state the individuals who escaped death, mutilated or wounded, covered with dust, their clothes torn, and carrying in their arms their children, or the sick and wounded, presented a most heart-rending spectacle. After the first moments of terror, in which self preservation made every other consideration give way, the most painful recollections agitated those who had escaped; every one with distracted anxiety sought for a relation or a friend, and inquired for them with looks of terror and affright: among the bloody and desolate ruins, those who remained of the unfortunate population were seen endeavouring to dig up, without other instrument than their weak and trembling hands, the living and the dead who were covered by the fragments: every one ran to and fro over this vast burial place, throwing themselves occasionally on the rubbish, and listening with an attentive ear to the groans of the unfortunate whose lives were preserved, although shut up, perhaps irrecoverably, in the very buildings where they had enjoyed tranquillity and happiness but a few minutes before.

The remainder of the day and the whole of the night were devoted to this interesting and pious occupation. Next day it was necessary to perform the last offices to the dead, but it was impossible to bestow on them the rites of sepulture; instruments and a sufficient number of persons were not to be found: in order to avoid the effects of a pestilence, therefore, from an infected atmosphere, the bodies were piled up at different stations and burnt with the timber of the ruins. The first sad moments

after the catastrophe were thus spent: other labours equally if not more distressing, remained to be performed.

Almost all the provisions, furniture, linen, and the usual necessities of life, were destroyed, or had been stolen by the lower class of the populace, or the negroes: every thing was in short wanting. The violence of the earthquake had destroyed the water-pipes, and the rivulets were either dried up, or diverted from their usual course: there was in fact no water near the city; there were no vessels in which to collect it, and it was necessary to travel far off before a quantity sufficient to allay one's thirst was obtained, even by using the hands to carry it to the mouth.

Pressed by thirst and hunger and the want of an asylum, those who possessed country houses fled towards them on foot; but alas! nothing was spared—all was ruin and desolation; and they returned to the city, where they seemed to be less miserable among their companions in misfortune, the silence and solitude of the country apparently adding to the dismal aspect of nature.

The markets were without provisions; the farmers brought none into town; and many, after wandering about in search of food, at length laid down and died of hunger: those who survived obtained sustenance with much difficulty. Had not some cocoa, sugar, and maize been saved, (which were retailed at a most exorbitant price,) more would have perished from hunger than from the effects of the earthquake.

Three thousand wounded of all ranks were collected and placed at first on the banks of a river, under the shade of some trees: but they were absolutely in want of every thing, even the most indispensable requisites: they were abandoned to the medicine of consolation: they were told that they must conform to the decrees of Providence, and that every thing was for the best.

During this awful crisis, a judicious observer of mankind might have witnessed a striking exhibition of the manners, character, and principles, by which the Spanish people are regulated in their conduct.

Their extreme insensibility is scarcely credible: I saw fathers of families who had lost five or six children, friends, relations, and their whole property, without shedding a tear; most of them consoling themselves by holding a conversation with an image of the Virgin, or some privileged saint.* Others gayly drowned their sorrow in rum; and all appeared

* The Divine Being among the Spaniards seems to be absolutely unknown; they never speak of him: it is the Virgin and the Saints who receive all their homage.

much less grieved at the event, than they would have been at the loss of a process which affected their rank as nobles, or deprived them of their precedence in a public company, or at a religious procession.

It is too true, that human beings, naturally superstitious and ungrateful, never so cordially respect their deities or their kings when they are beneficent as when they are severe: the more rigorous they are, the more just and equitable are they esteemed. Such is the lot of mankind! they forget benefits; and governors, in order to acquire the homage which is due to them, must be feared: gratitude and love are sentiments too delicate to be common among mankind.

Good Friday is without doubt the most imposing of the Catholic holidays: it is that which ought to inspire the most pious reflections; but at the Caraccas, as in many other places, on this occasion, the women are occupied with their dress, more anxious perhaps to appear amiable in the sight of men than to worship the Supreme Being: they think of nothing but amusement, and they almost forget that Being who does not manifest himself openly. But scarcely had they experienced the earthquake, when they said it was the thunder of Heaven sent to punish the crimes of mortals: their elegant clothes were immediately laid aside; those who had it in their power changed them for coarse garments, by way of showing their penitence: sackcloth, cords, and chains, were substituted for elegant fashions and seductive head-dresses. The ladies now subjected themselves to monastic discipline, and beat without remorse their bosoms, but a short time before adorned with the most costly jewels: many of the gentlemen at the same time forgot their gallantry for fanaticism; and in order to appease the anger of Heaven, they walked night and day in processions, the body entirely uncovered, with the exception of a large girdle, barefooted and with long beards, a cord around their necks to which was frequently attached a large stone, and on their shoulders they sometimes carried a wooden cross 100 or 150 pounds in weight.

In the city and throughout the country there were processions day and night; every mountain was transformed into a Calvary, where the people dying with hunger implored the divine mercy, embracing with groans the relics of their tutelar saints.

Every one accused himself of having called down the anger of Heaven, and of having caused the universal calamity: those who could not meet with a priest openly confessed their sins upon the highways, accusing themselves of robberies and murders which they had secretly committed.

In less than two days about 2,000 individuals (who perhaps never had any intention of the kind) were married: relations formerly despised or neglected on account of their poverty were now recognised: many unfortunate children, the fruits of an illegitimate intercourse, who had never known father or mother, were now acknowledged and legitimated. At the same time an infinite number of restitutions were made, and lawsuits terminated. But notwithstanding all this remorse, a singular and paradoxical spectacle was exhibited to the eyes of the philosopher: while one half of the multitude thus hastened to expiate their offences, the other half, who perhaps never had been guilty of any great crimes before, but possessing an accommodating conscience, profited by the confusion, and with the utmost composure committed every imaginable excess.

In the mean time the shocks from the earthquake continued;—every day and every hour some ruins fell, which had been only shaken by the first commotions. On the 5th of April, at four in the afternoon, there was a shock so violent that several mountains were rent asunder, many inclined from their centre of gravity, and enormous detached rocks were precipitated to the valleys.

From the above hour until nine o'clock next morning the shocks were violent, and so frequent as to admit of an interval of about five minutes only between each; and during these intervals a rumbling subterraneous noise was heard, and the earth was continually agitated.

The succession of these phenomena was not interrupted in the month of December, 1812, when I left the place, and those were reckoned the most tranquil days, in which there were only fifteen or twenty shocks! Every thing was destroyed; the ramparts of La Guyra, not less than twenty feet in thickness, were thrown down. As a natural consequence of the opening of the mountains, which are the great reservoirs of water, some rivers were observed to have considerably increased. Many high mountains were rent right across the centre, and that called La Silla has sunk more than sixty fathoms.

It is difficult to say what will be the close of this dreadful event: it may be hazarded as a conjecture, however, that it will end in the opening up of one or more volcanoes: in the mean time the unfortunate inhabitants of these countries, attached to their native soil, and not wishing to abandon the ashes of their fathers, have with great labour erected rude habitations, in which they await with stoicism and resignation the termination of their calamities.

J. H. S.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY SECT CALLED YEZIDIS.

OF the various sects which have appeared in Mesopotamia since the death of Mohammed, none are held in such abhorrence by all true Mussulmans as the *Yezidis*; who derive their name from Sheikh Yezid, the declared enemy of Ali's race. The *Yezidis'* religious doctrine is a mixture of the ancient Persian faith, of Manicheism and of Mussulmanism, and is preserved traditionally, for they are neither permitted to read nor write. As they are thus without books, it is difficult to obtain any further information concerning this extraordinary people than what may be collected from observations made actually among them, whence it is evident that their first object is to secure the devil as a friend, and in honour or defence of him they are ready and willing to draw the sword. They not only refrain from ever uttering his name, but even use circumlocution to avoid any word which may resemble it in sound. Before these sectaries it is extremely dangerous for a stranger to pronounce the devil's name, especially to curse him as the Turks frequently do when any of the *Yezidis* visit a town belonging to those true believers. Such an affront would probably endanger the imprudent foreigner's life. It has often happened that a *Yezidi*, condemned by the Turkish laws to suffer death for some offence, has submitted to his sentence rather than curse the devil, although by such an execration he might have obtained his pardon.

If the *Yezidis* wish to designate the devil, *Sheikh Mazen* or *Great Sheikh*, is the expression which they use. All the prophets and saints revered by christians are honoured by them also: and they are of opinion that those holy personages whilst living on earth were distinguished from other mortals, in proportion as the devil resided within them, more or less—and that above all, Moses, Jesus Christ, and Mohammed, were in this respect the most highly favoured;—they believe that God ordains, but intrusts the execution of his commands to Satan.

Every morning, on the sun's first appearance, they retire as much as possible from the sight of man, and kneeling, with their foreheads on the ground, they offer adoration to that luminary. They neither fast nor pray, but are persuaded that Sheikh Yezid has sufficiently atoned for all his sect's omission of these duties till the end of the world. Without fastings, prayers, or sacrifices, they are likewise without religious festivals. Yet on the tenth day of the moon in August, they assemble near the tomb of Sheikh Adi, and for some days before and after this, the small caravans in the plains of Mousul and Kurdistan are liable to attacks from the *Yezidis*, who flock to this meeting, as pilgrims,

from distant places. It is said that great numbers of their women also, from the neighbouring villages, attend on this occasion, and that at night, having freely indulged in eating and drinking, they extinguish all the lights and observe a profound silence until the dawn of day, when every one retires. This assemblage of men and women, with the darkness, the silence, and other circumstances, have given room for scandalous suspicions. Unmarried females are not admitted to this love feast.

Every kind of food is allowed among the Yezidis, except lettuces, and gourds or pompions; their bread is always made of barley; in swearing they use the same forms as Turks, Jews or Christians; but their strongest oath is, "*by the Standard of Yezid*," that is, "by their religion."

They entertain great respect for the christian monasteries situated in their neighbourhood: before they enter one of these edifices they take off their shoes or slippers, and proceed bare-footed, kissing the doors and walls, in hopes that by such an act of devotion they may obtain favour of the patron saint. If during any illness they dream of a particular monastery, they hasten, when recovered, to carry thither offerings of incense, honey, wax, or other things; they do not hesitate to kiss the hands of a christian patriarch or bishop, but they abstain from entering the Turkish Mosques.

The tomb of Sheikh Adi, which we have above mentioned, is situated in the jurisdiction of the prince of Amadia, in Kurdistan. The Sheikh who guards this tomb is regarded as head of the Yezidi religion, and must be a descendant of Sheikh Yezid. In such veneration is he held, that he who can procure an old shirt of this spiritual chief to serve as a winding sheet, considers himself most fortunate, as by the possession of this treasure he insures to his soul an advantageous situation in the other world. For such a precious relic, in its entire state, some have given forty piastres, but many are obliged to content themselves with small fragments of it. The Sheikh sometimes condescends to bestow one of his shirts as a present, and to indemnify him for his kindness, the Yezidis secretly transmit to him a portion of their spoil taken in pillage.

The chief is always attended by a *Kochek*: (petty Sheikh or lay-brother:) this personage is considered as an oracle, since he is favoured with revelations immediately from the devil, and nothing is transacted without his approbation. If a Yezidi is embarrassed about any business of importance, he consults the *Kochek*, but must pay a little money for the good man's advice. This holy personage, before he delivers his opinion, extends himself at full length on the ground and appears to fall asleep;

he then proclaims whatever had been revealed in his dream; sometimes he delays his answer for two or three nights. The following anecdote contains a proof of the influence which he possesses. 'Till about forty years ago, the Yezidi women, (like the Arabian,) being very economical in respect to soap, wore shifts died blue with indigo. One morning, most unexpectedly, the Kochek waited on his chief, and declared a revelation of the preceding night, by which he learned that blue was an inauspicious colour and displeasing to the devil. An order was instantly despatched to all the tribes, proscribing blue shifts or blue garments of any kind, and directing that white should be immediately substituted; the order was implicitly obeyed, and at this day if a Yezidi, lodging in the house of a Christian or a Turk, were to find on his bed a blue counterpane or quilt, he would rather endure the severest cold all night, than sleep beneath a covering of that prohibited colour.

The Yezidis must not clip their whiskers; they are commanded to let them grow to their fullest natural extent. So that of several men amongst them, the mouths can scarcely be discovered.

Some few of this sect are known about Aleppo by the appellation of *fakiran*, (poor men,) or *Karabash*, (black heads.) They wear a black cap and cloak, but their under dress is white; wherever they go, the people kiss their hands, and consider their visit as a presage of good fortune; they are requested to lay their hands on the neck and shoulders of sick persons, and are well rewarded for their trouble. They insure to one, who has lately died, a state of happiness in the other world by slightly touching the neck and shoulders of the naked corpse, which must be placed upright on its feet. They then strike it with the palm of the right hand, pronouncing at the same time these words in the Kurd dialect; "*Ara behesht*," "go thou to paradise." For the performance of this ceremony their remuneration is considerable.

The Yezidis believe in a future state of repose and felicity, proportionate to the merits of their deceased friends, and they imagine that souls or spirits sometimes appear in dreams to parents or others, and that on the day of judgment they are to enter paradise with arms in their hands.

Some of the Yezidi tribes dwell in the prince of Gioulemerk's territory, others in the prince of Jezireh's land. Some reside in hills belonging to the government of Diarbekre, and others live under the prince of Amadia. The most powerful tribe of this sect inhabits the mountain of Sinjar, between Mousul and the river Khaboor. This mountain abounds in various kinds of fruits, and is extremely difficult of access. The Yezidis, who

occupy it, can send into the field six thousand fusiliers besides cavalry, armed with lances; they frequently plunder the rich caravans, and have had many engagements with troops sent against them by the Pashas of Mousul and of Bagdad. These mountain Yezidis are universally dreaded, for they are not content with pillaging; they kill all those who fall into their hands. Sherifs, descendants of Mohammed, and Mussulman doctors, they torture to death in the most cruel manner, esteeming this barbarity highly meritorious.

The princes of Kurdistan encourage the Yezidis, whom they find to be excellent soldiers both as infantry and cavalry, and particularly useful in nocturnal attacks, and plundering of villages. The Mussulmans believe that any man, who perishes by the hand of a Yezidi, dies a martyr; and the prince of Amadia has one of this sect constantly with him as executioner of those Turks whom he condemns to death. The Yezidis entertain the same opinion respecting the Turks; and in killing one of these, they perform an act very pleasing to their *Great Sheikh*, the devil. An executioner, whose hands have been sanctified by the blood of many Turks, is received with veneration wherever he goes among the Yezidis.

Persians, and all Mussulmans attached to the sect of Ali, hold the Yezidis in abhorrence, and do not suffer them to live within their territories. The Turks are permitted to keep for their own use as slaves, or to sell, the women and children whom they take in war from the Yezidis. But these sectaries not having the same privilege, put to death all whom they take from the Turks.

If a Yezidi wishes to adopt the Turkish faith, he is only required to curse the devil, and at his leisure to instruct himself in the forms of prayer.

The Kurd language is used by all Yezidis, and some of them speak a little Turkish and Arabic.

There are, no doubt, among these extraordinary tribes, other customs and superstitions; but as they have not any written laws nor records, it is extremely difficult to obtain much information on those subjects. Many circumstances also change from time to time, according to the pretended revelations of their Kocheks, which throws an additional impediment in the way of an inquisitive stranger.

ATTEMPT, BY TWO YOUNG AMERICANS, TO RESCUE GEN. LA FAYETTE.

HAVING a very slight and remote acquaintance with Fayette, but deeply impressed with an esteem for his character, they de-

terminated to undertake his liberation from his horrid imprisonment at Olmutz. Their fortunes and their lives became a secondary consideration. They took lodgings near his prison, and gradually insinuated themselves into the good graces of the keeper. A few cursory questions concerning the prisoners naturally introduced the name of Fayette. They commiserated his hard fate, and found that the keeper sympathized with them. In the course of conversation, they discovered that Monsieur F. was permitted to walk at stated hours on the ramparts, guarded by a soldier. They then ventured to observe that they had a few books which were at the service of the prisoner, to beguile the tedious hours of confinement, and were delighted to hear that the gaoler had no objection to indulge him with the perusal of them, in case the volumes were previously submitted to his inspection. By underscoring with a pencil such *single* words in different pages, as expressed the ideas they wished to communicate, and by a marginal *hint* to join them in the order in which they were understood, a correspondence, unsuspected by the gaoler, was soon established; to keep up which, nothing more was necessary than the exchange of a few volumes. To be brief—Fayette, at the appointed time, breaks from his guards, and throws himself into the arms of his friends, who are waiting on the skirts of the forest with horses; only a few leagues are to be passed, and they are out of the power of Austria. But the sword in the belt of one of his deliverers, struck the head of his horse, in the act of mounting, and he broke from those who held him. A noble rivalry now succeeded, which of them should be left behind?—The point is settled by one taking up Fayette behind him. Much time is lost, the tocsin sounds the alarm—the whole country is in arms—two roads present themselves—they hesitate, but decide upon the wrong—they are taken. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Austrian government could be convinced that a scheme so daring could be digested and attempted by two private and disinterested individuals. When this was fully made out, they were suffered, after a severe and tedious confinement, to depart with their lives.

During the long and very rigorous confinement of Monsieur F. his liberation was the subject of more than one motion in parliament. The interference of our government was always sternly objected to by Mr. Pitt. This strengthens an anecdote I have heard of the king. To a nobleman, who lamented the sufferings of Fayette, in his majesty's presence, not without a hope of gaining so powerful a solicitor in his behalf, our sovereign made use of these remarkable words—"Remember *Andre*;"—a short sentence, but pregnant with meaning.

DESCRIPTION OF A CONVICT SHIP.

THE appearance and regulation of a convict ship are as singular as the novel punishment of transportation, or as a regulated colony of very lawless convicts. Order and discipline, necessary to such an abandoned society, prevail in every part of the ship. The men are arranged in one long line, the women in a second; but the sexes are separated. The former dine upon their bedsteads, the latter sleep on a species of table, three longitudinally and two collaterally. To preserve subordination and regularity, a soldier in his regimentals is placed at the interval of ten convicts, as their guard. An adequate space is left in the lowest hall for the cockpit and surgery; a second space between decks for the stowage of stores; and a third on the quarter for the apartment of the free-settlers, and for the cabins or beds of the officers. All the convicts are compelled to wash once in the day their heads, their feet, and their faces; the men under the superintendence of a soldier; the women apart, under the eye of a matron. The males are marched in a body of six across the deck to the pump; the sailors draw up the water, and they are artfully compelled to labour for health at the pump, and rinse away the dirt. By this prudent precaution, in every variety of weather they obtain fresh air, and avoid the scurvy or cutaneous diseases. A surgeon every day inspects this human cargo, and reports its state. They are paid, per head, a sum for those who survive the voyage. Hence, it is the surgeon's interest to preserve the lives of those diseased wretches. To inure the assembly, disgorged from brothels, alehouses, and gaols, to the appearance, or to the idea of decorum, the men wash their bodies above decks, and the women between them. The sexes are forbid to mingle, even at their meals. So vigorous a discipline is only supported by severity of punishment. Chains, fastened round the body, and securely fettered around the ankles, confine and distress each male convict by the clanking sound, and by annoying the feet. This image of slavery is copied from the irons used in the slave ships in Guinea; as in these, bolts and locks also are at hand, in the sides and ribs of each transport, (for the vessels on this service, with peculiar propriety, are so named,) to prevent the escape, or preclude the movements of a convict. If he attempt to pass the sentry, he is liable to be stabbed; for the attempt, a convict was lately shot, and his executioner was applauded by his officer for a faithful, though severe, discharge of duty. If a felon kill his companion, a case very frequent in the quarrels of

these highwaymen and robbers, the murderer is hung at the yard-arm, and his body is slowly carried through the ship, and launched into the deep. For the theft of provisions, or of clothes from his neighbour, a case yet more common and more natural to footpads, the convicted depredator is shot. For inferior crimes, as riots or quarrels, a soldier is ordered to whip the offender with martial severity. On the slightest appearance of mutiny, the ringleader is cast headlong into the sea in his irons and in his clothes.—“We commit this body to the deep,” the chaplain repeats; but the words of Shakspeare would, perhaps, be more applicable :

“O mutineer, if thou hast any hope of Heav’n’s bliss,
Lift up thy hand ; make signal of that hope.
He sinks, and makes no sign !”

BIBLIOMANIC RAGE.

A SINGULAR story is extant about the purchase of the late Duke of Roxburgh’s copy of the first edition of Shakspeare. A friend was bidding for him in the sale-room, his grace had retired to one end of the room, coolly to view the result of the contest. The biddings rose quickly to twenty guineas—a great sum in former times, when *collecting* was not quite so fashionable as it has since become; but the duke was not to be daunted or defeated. A slip of paper was handed to him, upon which the impropriety of continuing the contest was suggested. His grace took out his pencil; and with a coolness which would have done credit to Prince Eugene, he wrote on the same slip of paper, by way of reply—

—————“Lay on Macduff!
And d——d be he who *first* cries ‘hold, enough !’”

Such a spirit was irresistible; it bore down all opposition, and was worthy of the cause in which it was engaged. The duke was of course declared victor, and he marched off triumphantly, with the volume under his arm!

BON MOT OF FOX.

DURING the poll at Westminster, in the year 1784, a dead cat being thrown on the hustings, one of Sir Cecil Wray’s party observed that it stunk worse than a *Fox*; to which Mr. Fox replied, “there was nothing extraordinary in that, considering it was a *poll-cat* !”

POETRY.

ODE MEDITATED IN THE CLOISTERS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

[*By George Dyer.*]

NOW cease, my song, the plaintive strain;
Now hush'd be Pity's tender sigh;
While MEM'RY wakes her fairy-train,
And young DELIGHT sits laughing by:
Return, each hour of rosy hue,
In smiles, and pranks, and garlands gay,
Playful of wing as when ye flew,
Ev'ry month then seeming May;
While, as Invention wak'd the mimic powers,
Genius, still wand'ring wild, sigh'd for enchanted bowers.

Then, too, in antic vestment drest,
Pastime would lightly trip along,
Throwing around the ready jest,
Satire and sting, or simple song;
And merry Mischief oft would weave
The wanton trick for little hearts;
Nor Love a tender vot'ry grieve;
Soft were his hands, nor keen his darts:
While FRIENDSHIP, with a gay enthusiast glow,
Gave her full half of bliss, and took her share of wo.

And, what tho' round a youthful spring
A lowering storm may sometimes rise?
Hope her soul-soothing strain can sing,
Quickly can brighten up the skies.
How sweetly pass'd my youth's gay prime!
For not untuneful was my tongue:
And, as I tried the classic rhyme,
The critic schoolboy prais'd my song:
Nor did mine eye not catch the orient ray,
That promis'd fair to gild Ambition's distant day.

Ah! pleasing, gloomy cloister-shade,
Still, still this wavering breast inspire!
Here, lost in rapt'rous trance, I stray'd,
Here saw with horror spectres dire!
For, soon as day dark-veil'd its head,
With hollow cheek and haggard eye,
Pale ghosts would flit from yon death-bed,
And stalk with step terrific by!
Till the young heart would freeze with wild affright,
And store the dismal tale to cheer a winter's night!

How like the spirit of the place,
Good Edward's form here seem'd to move!
As lingering still its growth to trace,
With all a Founder's Guardian's love!

How of his name each syllable
 Repeated oft, on youthful ears
 Like no unholy charm would dwell,
 And mingle fondness with the prayers!
 While still the day, made sacred by his birth,
 Brought with the rolling year memorials of his worth.

Yet, what avails the schoolboy's praise,
 Tho' taking Gratitude's sweet name,
 The stately monument to raise
 Of royal Edward's lasting fame?
 Tho' never on thy youthful brow
 Flaunted the helmet's towering crest;
 Tho' ne'er as martial Glory led,
 The corslet sparkled on thy breast;
 Yet, blameless youth, to worth so true as thine,
 Virtue herself might weave her purest virgin line.

But ah! what means the silent tear?
 Why e'en mid joy my bosom heave?
 Ye long lost scenes, enchantments dear!
 Lo! now I linger o'er your grave!
 —Fly, then, ye hours of rosy hue,
 And bear away the bloom of years!
 And quick succeed, ye sickly crew
 Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
 Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
 Nor tracing back the CHILD forget that I am MAN.

THE WHEELBARROW.

[By Henry Bunbury, Esq.]

WITH a big bottle-nose, and an acre of chin,
 His whole physiognomy frightful as sin,
 With a huge frizzled wig, and triangular hat,
 And a snuff-besmeared handkerchief tied over that;
 Doctor Bos, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,
 (In hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty,)
 Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,
 Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
 Hip! friend, roar'd the doctor, with no little force,
 Prithee set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse.
 Hodge as quickly replied, as an Erskine or Garrow,
 "You're a d——d deal more likely to frighten my barrow."

EPIGRAM,

On a monument being erected to the memory of Butler, author of Hudibras.

[By the Rev. Samuel Wesley.]

WHILE Butler (needy wretch!) was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give.
 Behold him, starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust!
 The Poet's fate in emblem here is shown—
 He asked for bread—and he received a stone.